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CRAWFORD'S STATUE OF FREEDOM.
Crowning the Dome of the United States Capitol.

THE

FEDERAL CITY;

OR,

INS AND ABOUTS OF WASHINGTON.

BY S. D. WYETH,

AUTHOR OF "HARRY BRIGHT, THE DRUMMER BOY;" "BIBLE STORIES IN
BIBLE WORDS," ETC., ETC.

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To
My Countrymen,
North, South, East, and West,
Who love the "Old Flag,"
This Book
Is Dedicated by
The Author.

INTRODUCTION.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON is far dearer to the nation's heart now than it was before the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion.

The treasure expended, and the blood spilled, in its defence, have made it seem to patriots sacred as a shrine. "To want to know all about it," is a national longing, and to gratify this in some degree, is the design of the present book.

Its divisions naturally fall into the following:—

I. BOOK OF THE CAPITOL.

II. THE HISTORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND ITS INMATES.

III. BOOK OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

IV. BOOK OF THE MILITARY HOSPITALS IN WASHINGTON DURING THE WAR.

V. HISTORY OF THE INSTITUTIONS OF BENEVOLENCE AND EDUCATION, CHURCHES, THEATRES, ETC., WITH ITEMS OF GENERAL LOCAL INTEREST.

At the close of each general division an Index of Subjects will present at a glance, where the information may be found relative to any particular subject.

An earnest endeavor has been made to obtain true information, while books, public documents, and files of newspapers, rather than the recollections of individuals, have been relied upon as deciding what is true.

It is intended that the work shall be completed in ten numbers of 100 pages each. Each general division, however, will constitute in itself a book irrespective of the other divisions.

The chapters have been written at various times running through a period of several years. The grand panorama of the war was enacted almost within sight and sound during a portion of that time — and the fitful flashes of actual attack also really occurred. As a burning Bengal light throws a lurid glare over all, so streaks of war-paint fill in and enamel many pages. These attempted war-photographs of past events, are retained because it is believed that as historical reminiscences they may be deemed interesting.

If after editions of the work should be called for, corrections necessary to bring the information up to the time of the new issue will be made.

S. D. W.

MAY-DAY, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
1865.

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INS AND ABOUTS OF WASHINGTON, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL IN BALTIMORE EN ROUTE FOR WASHINGTON — DAYBREAK —
CATHEDRAL SERVICE — RAILROAD RIDE TO WASHINGTON — CONCERT
IN CAPITOL GROUNDS — EASTERN AND WESTERN FRONTS OF THE
CAPITOL — STATUE OF FREEDOM — TWILIGHT AND NIGHT — ALONE —
PHANTASMAGORIA.

THE drip, drip, drip, of falling rain had ceased for about an hour. Home was behind — Washington lay before.

“Baltimore!” was announced in a rough voice by the conductor as he flung open the door, and the railroad car stopped. It was pitch dark and one o’clock in the morning. The passengers awake had been straining their eyes out of windows for some time into the darkness beyond. Frightful noises and belching flames were all around us: Pandemonium seemed broken loose.

Here, volumes of flame threw out a lurid light, discovering strange figures that lit up horridly, hovering around pools of fire and brandishing fearful looking instruments. Then were heard awful groans, as of a monster in agony. Anon, it was dark. Beyond, burst other lurid flames, and noises of ponderous doors opened and shut. It seemed as if we had stopped at the very “Mouth of the Pit” described in John Bunyan’s wonderful Dream Book.

But out we had to get. The soil was mud. A net of rail

road beneath our feet threatened to trip us at every step. Several locomotives ran distractingly up and down the tracks shrieking, or moaning, like fiends—their great fiery Cyclop eyes lighting the road a little space before them. After repeated efforts we disentangled from these dangers and reached the pavement.

A loyal refugee of Virginia, on his return home, concluded with me to walk about until morning. The prospect now was it would be clear—for, here, and there, a star had opened its bright eye in the sky. We gladly turned from the Depot, with the extensive Furnaces and Rolling Mills all nestled together, that had so forcibly revived early frightful associations.

For a long while we wandered up and down the streets. The sudden appearance of “a soldier on guard” as we turned a corner, was at first startling. His figure loomed out into gigantic size, and his bayonet, as the street gas-light fell upon it, glinted like a spear of vengeance through the gloom. It brought to mind that the War-wolf was “out” lapping the hearts’ blood of our countrymen. Soldiers were stationed everywhere—at the corners of the streets, at the banks, in the market houses, and at the depot stations. But for them our tramp would have proved well nigh solitary.

Tired of walking we took refuge at the Eutaw House, and in a couple of big chairs in the reception saloon dozed away an hour of darkness. From here we were driven into the street a second time by servants, with swabs and pails of water, come long before daylight to clean the tiled floor of our retreat.

Out-doors seemed darker and more dreary than before. Once we refreshed ourselves with sundry cups of coffee obtained of a turbaned fat mulatto woman in a market house, whose table of heavy refreshments was lighted by twin tallow dips, that flared and guttered in the open air.

The star-gemmed veil of night at length slowly upraised;—and morning broke beautifully over the fair city of the Patapsco. Rose-clouds, like banners flung out, hung in the sky. Kissed by the struggling beams of the young Day-god, beauty

after beauty, gilded and made glorious, was revealed. When the sun's rays first fell, glancing back, on the tall monuments commemorative of heroes that shaft-like pierce the sky, it seemed strains of music must issue from them as thousands of years ago, at sunrise, came responsive from Memnon's statue, in Thebes, upon the banks of the old Nile: — but, all was still! Almost oppressive was the profound morning's hush — ere the great city's jubilant day-cry and suppressed wail, in united voice, broke forth.

In peaceful quiet long lines of stately houses emerged from out the indistinctness and swept over hill and plain, while humbler ones lay dotted all around. No trouble seemed to dwell within them. No blood-stains marked the doors of homes. All silent were the whispers of dread family secrets, that curdle the blood and chill hearts with fear. Sighs of suffering, and moans of breaking hearts were not audible to human ears.

The cathedral bell rang out breaking the stillness. Through the streets, stealing along ghost-like in the early dawn, worshippers bent their way towards where its over-arching Dome hung in mid air. With them we too entered the edifice. The hush; — the air of devotion; — the burning candles, lighting up pictures, that told of the suffering One who died for us, and pure flowers, amid whose scented breath mingled thoughts of the love of our All-Father; — the grand old Ritual, that for ages has soothed the sorrows and revived the hopes of poor humanity; — all told forcibly upon the senses. Side by side kneeled gray haired men and fair maidens; — the trembling weakness of widowed age alongside and supported by vigorous manhood, glorious in strength. Children's forms, too, were bowed in adoration; while the Sister of Charity bent her mild, patient face close by her sable sister of African descent. Clouds of incense, that rose from silver censers, seemed like ascending, palpable, prayer. Protestant that I am, my heart of hearts joined in the worship.

The service over garish daylight flooded the streets. The

city was waking up, and every moment the pulses of its life beat faster. On each face you met was written the one anxious question, "What news to day?" — and "On to Washington!" seemed the purpose, if not the cry, of the moving multitudes directing towards that depot station. Trains, some of them filled with regiments of soldiers, started from there, again, and again, during the day.

At 3.20 the afternoon passenger train started. It was full to overflowing. Soldiers' wives with children, contractors, politicians, artists, mechanics, all crowded together, dashed along upon the iron track towards the Mecca of their patriotic pilgrimage. Uncle Samuel has still many affectionate relatives, and each one of our motley party seemed desirous of a chance of helping himself to something out of his big fat pockets.

Beautiful was the country through which we sped on our way. At intervals along the road, within hailing distances of each other, stood a soldier in arms, keeping guard. Recently constructed earth-works, long wooden shanties, and white tents of other encampments marked the landscape. The sun flashed on glittering bayonets of soldiers drilling in the distance. The roll of the drum answered back the shrill whistle of our engine; occasionally the dull roar of artillery was heard, and the smoke rolling up discovered where a party was at practice. Above all, and over all, from flag-staff signalling to flag-staff, floated out, cheering the sight, the "Stars and Stripes."

The Relay House was soon reached and passed. It looked small, a miniature of what I expected to see. Annapolis Junction, too, was not long after, left behind.

Between and around the beautiful hills that environ Washington, the train glided, and coiled, rattling, on its rapid way. No one in the cars appeared to know when it was we entered the limits of the District; — which occurs at Bladensburg Station — and I kept an eager look-out for a first glimpse of the Capitol. It was not, however, until almost upon it, that the noble building rose into view. A few more minutes, and the train entered the long, low, and truth compels me to add,

mean-looking Depot; and we had arrived at the Federal Metropolis.

I left the noisy scrambling throng, and hastened away, carpet-bag in hand, to gaze on the Capitol. The Depot is within short distance of it, and I soon stood opposite its West Front. This, although fine, is not the principal Front, nor is it so imposing as that: yet it is the one with which strangers are most familiar. It is, in fact, the back, instead of the front, of the building.

The grounds west of the Capitol, are eminently beautiful; nature and the highest art combine to make them such. It was here, that, besides the pleasure of seeing and admiring them, an unexpected enjoyment was in store. In Washington, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, during the warm months towards evening, there is an out-door concert given, to which all are admitted who choose to go. These concerts are held alternately in these grounds and in those attached to the President's House.

It was now sweet May time. The grounds west of the Capitol occupy the ascent of the Hill, and are filled with magnificent trees, flower beds and fountains. Noble walks, flagged or gravelled, intersect them in all directions. Comfortable seats, underneath trees, are scattered about every where, and the bright grass spread out a magnificent carpet. The softest verdure velveted the sides of the terraces that rise one above the other until the building itself is reached. It was the grandest of all concert saloons.

A large marble basin, filled with water, in which are hundreds of gold and silver fish, is just below the highest terrace — and here, almost constantly, stand persons gazing at the graceful creatures swimming about in their beautiful home. Just above this basin, upon the Capitol, beneath the Dome, floated the "Star spangled Banner."

The grounds were filled with crowds of elegantly dressed ladies and beautiful children, officers in glittering uniforms, citizens and soldiers. On an elevated stand, half-way between

two fountains, was ranged in a circle the far famed Marine Band from the Navy Yard. At intervals they performed most exquisite music. They were playing "Hail Columbia!" as I approached. Promenade and music, in turns, succeeded each other.

A space on the ground, near the musicians, was kept clear, and here, when it pleased them, children danced in joyous abandon, as favorite tunes struck their fancy. Near them stood, looking on, a poor crippled boy, with one leg gone; and, leaning against a tree, a girl of twelve or thirteen summers on crutches — but smiles played upon both their faces.

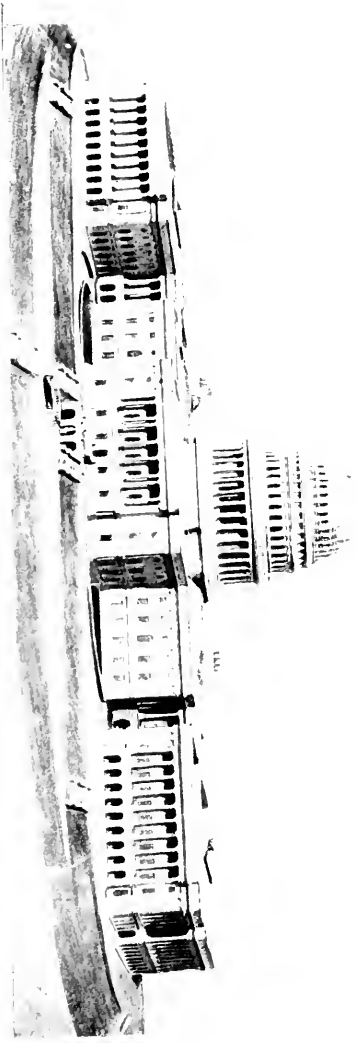
On an eminence, watching the scene with intense interest, stood two Indian chiefs, of a deputation in town, dressed in their half-barbaric costume, blankets, paint, and feathers.

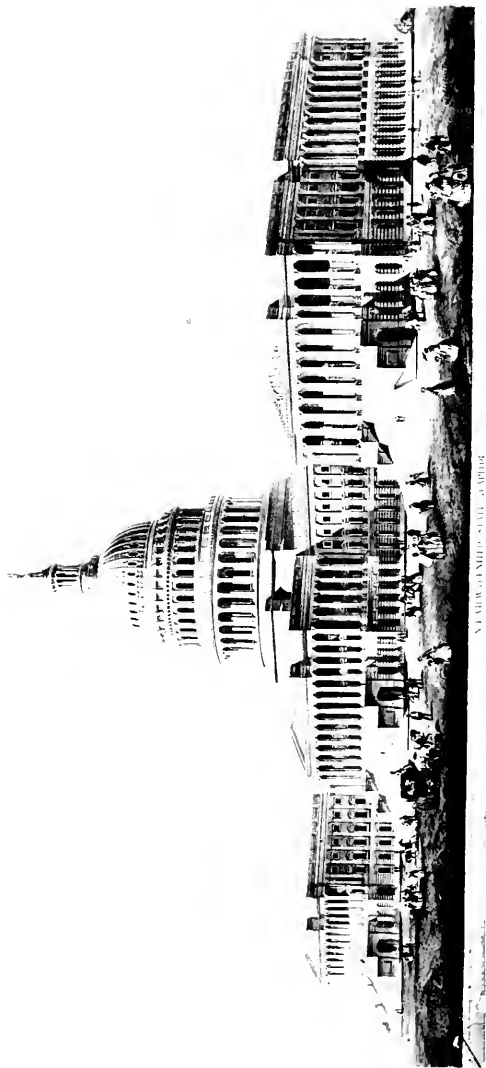
The whole scene, upon which soon fell the rays of the setting sun, was fairy-like. Gay groups passed in and out among the trees — there was the sight and scent of flowers — sunshine flashed upon the sparkling fountains, the grass, the trees, and the glittering throng. Birds flew from tree to tree, and joined their voices to the concert. Behind rose the green hill crowned with its tiara of white marble — the Capitol; its myriad windows, like another Aladdin's Palace, all a-glow with burnished gold — the last effort of the god of day to fling back a kiss of flame upon the fairest of earth's structures ere he died.

Closing symphonies of harmony soon floated in the air. There stole upon the ear, and into the heart, the sweet touching strains of "Home, sweet Home!" and, immediately following that, the finale of all these concerts, — "Yankee Doodle."

I saw in fancy my own home far away, hundreds of miles, and at its windows, overlooking a camp ground, little children standing, looking in vain for the coming of their father. Their mother sadly calls them to their evening meal. That evening meal, I fear, will be wet with bitter tears. My own eyes blinded with them.

WEST FRONT OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL...1868.





VIEW OF THE STATE CAPITOL

UNITED STATES CAPITOL, AS IT IS TO BE WHEN COMPLETED

NORTH-EAST FRONT.

THE

BOOK OF THE CAPITOL.

After the concert was over, and the crowd dispersed, I wandered around to the East Front of the Capitol. Numberless blocks of marble, and tons of iron castings, lay scattered about upon the ground. There remains an immense amount of work still to do upon the new extensions as well as upon the original central building.

Over seventy years ago General Washington laid the corner stone of the Capitol, September 18, 1793, and what with repairs and additions, it is not yet completed. The British damaged greatly the two wings of the centre building, which were about the whole of the structure that had then been erected, when they set fire to the public buildings during the last war.

Dr. William Thornton was the designer of the first "plan" of the Capitol. He was rather an amateur than a practical architect, and was a man of acknowledged though eccentric genius. Hallet, Hadfield, Hoban, Latrobe, and Bulfinch, with others, in turns, worked upon it. It is under the supervision of Thomas U. Walter, Esq., the architect of Girard College, that the work is now steadily progressing.* It will require a mint of money to finish.

Outside of a group of trees, upon a wooden platform, a few steps beyond, was temporarily placed the Statue of Freedom, modelled by Crawford, to surmount the Dome. It is a bronze hollow casting of colossal size, weighing fifteen thousand pounds.

The figure is that of a female grasping a sheathed sword with one hand, while the other rests on the American shield. A circlet of but nine stars surrounds the head. The cap or helmet she wears has an Eagle's beak fronting its crest, and is ornamented with magnificent feathers, some stretching behind. The countenance of the statue is majestic, while the repose of conscious power manifested is sublime. There is also an earnest, human-look, of the eyes that is marvelous; they seem to pierce. The robe gathered gracefully, is furred and gemmed with pearls.

* Edward Clark, Esq., succeeded Mr. Walter, in Sept., 1865.

and fastened at the waist with something like a brooch, on which the letters U.S. are interlaced in eipher.

Its position above the Dome, where it has since been placed, is over a globe surrounded by a belt inscribed with the motto, "*E Pluribus Unum.*" Up, near four hundred feet, in the air, its wondrous beauty and artistic power cannot be perceived by the keenest sight. It is only by aid of glasses an idea can be gained of its rare exquisite perfection. It seems a pity it should stand so far away. For one I am glad to have seen it again and again before it was placed upon its proud high "look-out" among the clouds.

In pale, majestic, though unfinished beauty, the Capitol stood out solemn in the still evening. The middle Portico, where the Presidents are inaugurated, with its forest of columns and groups of statuary, fell into deeper and deeper shadow. The whole grand magnificence of the East Front of the Capitol no one can fully estimate unless he sees it. It cannot be described.

I sat down, tired out, on an iron bench, under an immense horse-chestnut tree, in full view of the Capitol. Behind, towered above my head the gigantic statue. Twilight, then night, came on, silently, steadily. The new moon cast a feeble light, and in the darkened sky the stars came out.

Time passed away without heed. The building still stood out white in the dim light — but, as if touched by a magician's wand, it had changed, in the twinkling of an eye, and appeared in finished beauty. The Dome, perfected, hung up among the stars; the globe, over it, surmounted by the Goddess of Freedom, at whose feet I had been sitting but a moment before. Vividly defined was the intense human-look out of its eyes, as was also the inscription on the belt surrounding the globe. The letters seemed written in characters of fire.

I gazed on, wondering; while, still further up, among the stars, I saw in the sky the American Eagle, with wings outstretched wide over all, keeping watch and ward.

Darkness deepened. The wind sighed and sobbed. The clouds drove furiously, — blotting out the stars. Then, rising slowly, in many a tortuous fold, a scaled Snake, its eyes glaring cunning and hate, wound up the fair structure until it reached the form of Freedom and enveloped it within its scaly folds. Trembling I looked: — heart was chill, and breath almost suspended.

The Snake's crested head stood erect, and, ever and anon, its neck reeading, lithe and thin, warily shifted. Sheeted lightning, like curtains, hung round the heavens; — and, where earth had been, now spread out only the wide, wide, surging sea.

Suddenly through the air rang the wild scream of the Eagle. His glance flashed flame, and beak and talons were irate. Wheeling, in mighty swoop, he fell upon the vile thing and tore it from its resting place.

Then, in the air again, wheeling round and round in endless varying circles, with clang of wings and screams the Eagle sailed; and still he shrieked and wailed. The Snake's coils were twined around him. Feather and scale, blended together, shone in the lurid wavering light. The Eagle often casting back his head, with beak and talons assailed the Snake that sought to pierce his heart. Far beneath floated shattered golden plumes; and, where the Eagle's talons struck, down fell scales, thick and fast, gleaming like falling sparks.

Fierce fight; — with many and sudden changes. At times, the Snake twisted round the Eagle's neck; and, faint with pain, his wings languidly fluttered. But, in vast might, he again shook his unconquerable wings, as in despair, and with his strong sinewy neck broke in sudden shock the living coils.

Time lengthened out, and on. At length, bloody, stark, and torn — the feeblest quivering of its loathsome life all stilled — the Snake, hung high in air awhile, upheld by the victor Eagle, was dropped into the far sea beneath, with splashing noise.

Majestically the Eagle rose again to his former position. Again spread forth his wings, and re-assumed his loving gaze upon the structure beneath.

The weight of a giant hand fell upon me, and I started in affright. It was one of the police officers attached to the Capitol awaking me, for I had fallen asleep. In my hand was a newspaper, in which I had read, for the first time, a portion of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam." How far the Poem affected my fancy, even when dreaming, others can determine.

Since that night, years have passed, crowded with memorable events in our nation's history. Years of war, blood, and tears. The "stars and bars" the symbol of rebel arrogance, which with lurid glare affrighted Freedom, has faded out forever, and over one wide Republic now waves undisputed, and with vivifying power, the "Stripes and Stars."

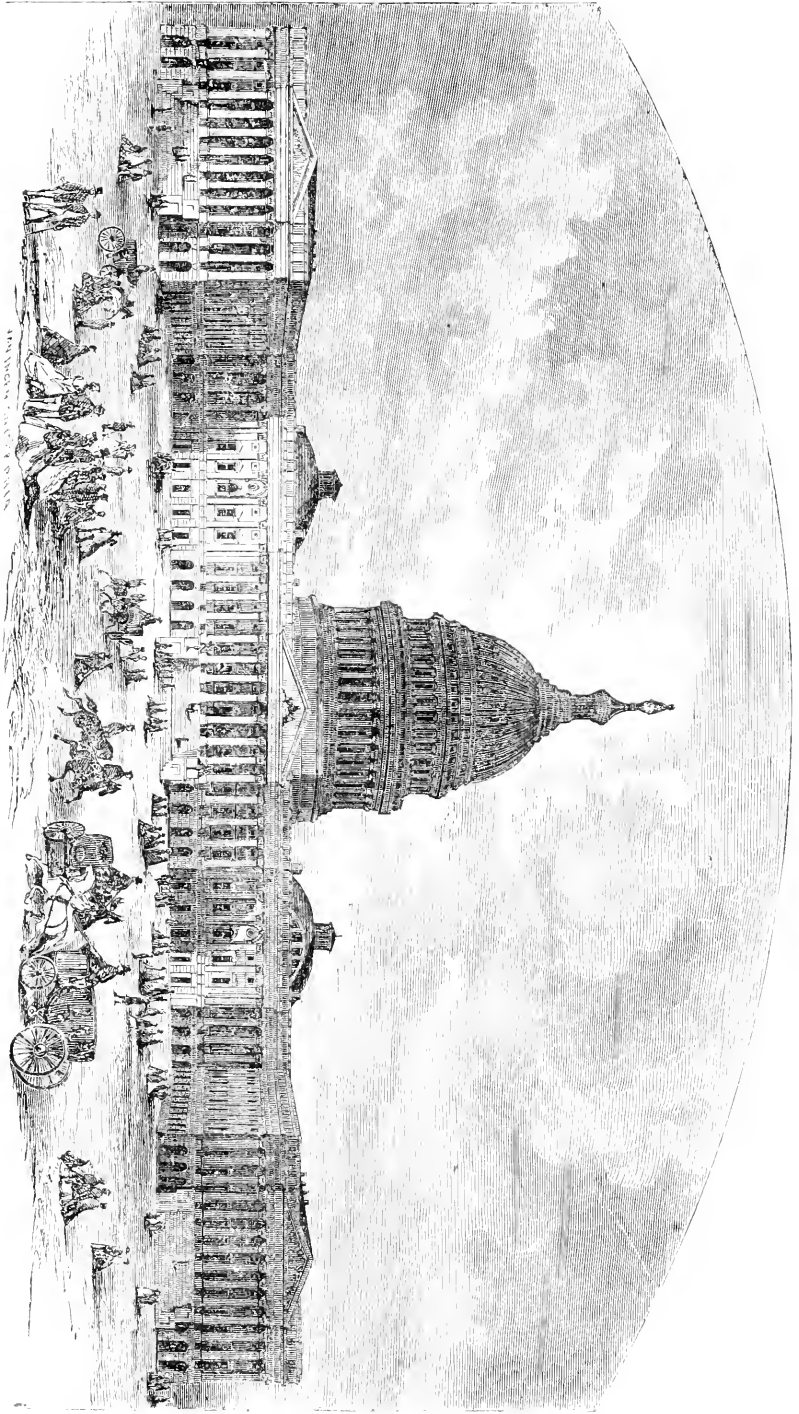
The Capitol too has since then grown into near completeness. The Extensions and Dome have been built, and in grand beauty it now presents the following dimensions.

The building covers an area of 153,112 square feet, or more than three and a half acres. Length of Capitol, 751 feet, 4 inches. Height of base line above tide water, 89' 86":

Height of Dome above tide water, 377 feet, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Above base line on east front, 287 feet, 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Above balustrade of building, 217 feet, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Each Extension is 142 feet, 8 inches front on the east and west, by 238 feet, 10 inches in depth exclusive of Porticoes and steps. The corridors connecting them with the original Capitol are 44 feet in length.

THE CAPITOL OF 1868 - EAST FRONT.





EXTENT AND BOUNDARIES OF
THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ACCORDING to the Act of the State of Maryland "Concerning the Territory of Columbia and the City of Washington," the Federal City is thus bounded :

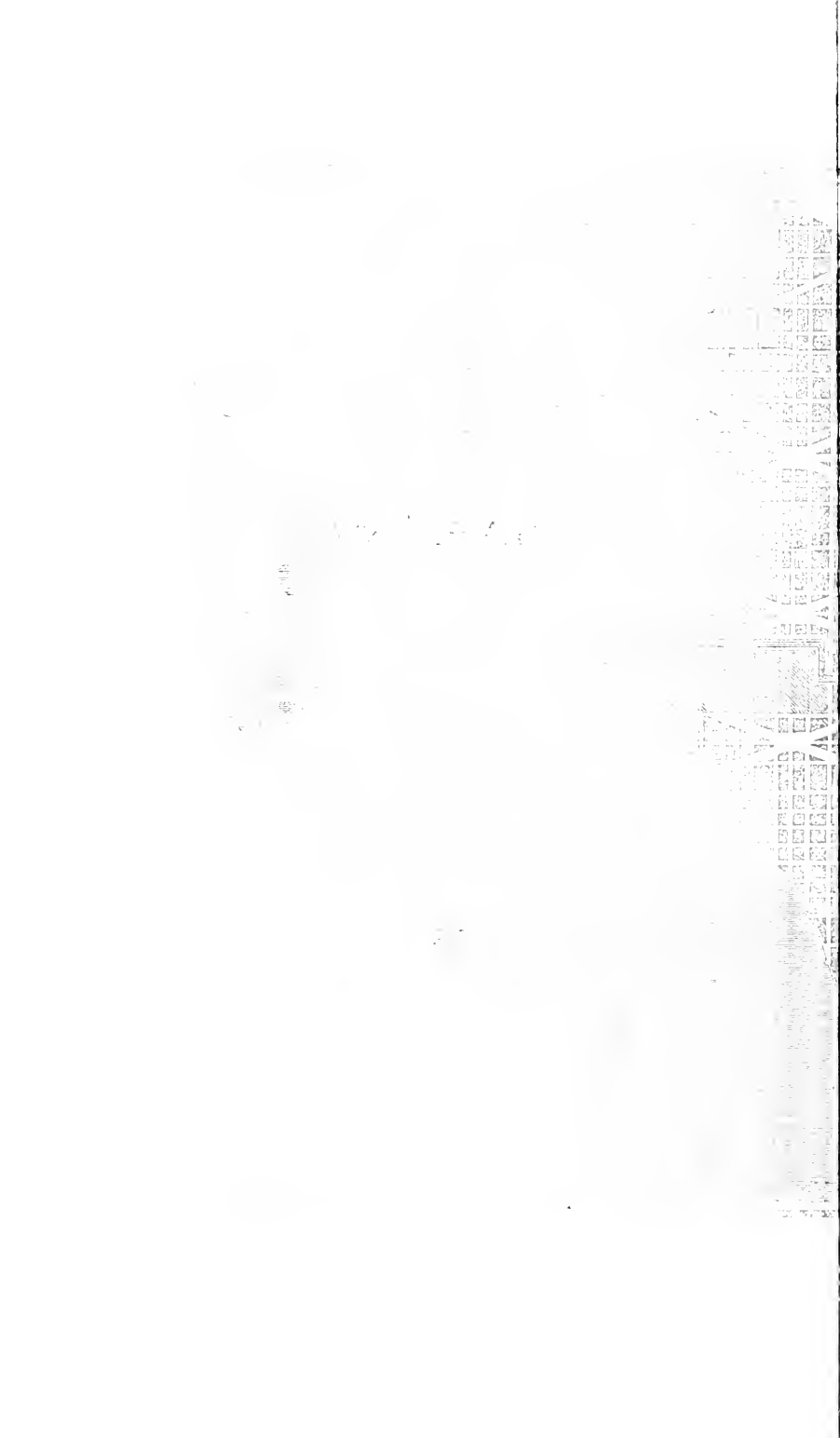
"The President of the United States directed a city to be laid out, comprehending all the lands beginning on the east side of Rock Creek, at a stone standing in the middle of the road leading from Georgetown to Bladensburg; thence along the middle of the said road to a stone standing on the east side of the Reedy Branch of Goose Creek; thence south-easterly, making an angle of sixty-one degrees and twenty minutes with the meridian, to a stone standing in the road leading from Bladensburg to the Eastern Branch Ferry; then south to a stone eighty poles north of the east and west line already drawn from the mouth of Goose Creek to the Eastern Branch; then east, parallel to the said east and west line, to the Eastern Branch; then, with the waters of the Eastern Branch, Potomac River and Rock Creek, to the beginning."

Mr. GEORGE WATTERSTON in his "Guide to Washington" gives us the following admirable summary :

"The city extends from north-west to south-east about four miles and a half, and from east to south-west about two miles and a half. Its circumference is fourteen miles; the aggregate length of the streets is one hundred and ninety-nine miles, and of the avenues sixty-five miles. The avenues, streets and open spaces contain three thousand six hundred and four acres, and the public reservations, exclusive of reservations ten, eleven,

and twelve, since disposed of for private purposes, five hundred and thirteen acres.

“The whole area of the squares of the city, amounts to one hundred and thirty-one million six hundred and eighty-four thousand one hundred and seventy-six square feet, or three thousand and sixteen acres; one half of which, fifteen hundred and eight acres, was reserved for the use of the United States, and the remaining half assigned to the original proprietors.”



References to the Map.

1. *Capitol.*
2. *President's House.*
3. *Patent-Office.*
4. *Smithsonian Institution.*
5. *Washington Monument.*
6. *National Observatory.*
7. *United States Arsenal.*
8. *Navy Yard.*
9. *Asylum.*
10. *Congressional Burying Ground.*
11. *State Department.*
12. *Treasury Department.*
13. *War Department.*
14. *Navy Department.*
15. *Pension-Office.*
16. *City Hall.*
17. *Hospital.*
18. *Hotel.*
19. *Post-Office.*
20. *Government Greenhouses.*
21. *Public Buildings.*
22. *Public Parks.*

MAP OF THE
of Washington,
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL PLAN OF THE CITY — UNIMPROVED GROUND EAST OF THE CAPITOL — EAST CENTRAL PORTICO — STATUARY — SIGNOR PERSICO — GREENOUGH — GREAT BRONZE DOOR DESIGNED BY ROGERS — EAST CAPITOL STREET — MILITARY ASPECT OF WASHINGTON — STREAKS OF WAR PAINT.

It was the design of the Frenchman L'Enfant, who originated the plan of the Federal City, that the Capitol should occupy its centre. From where it stands the streets are counted east, west, north, and south. Several of the Avenues also diverge from here, at equi-distant points. This development, however, so far as the "building up" of the city was concerned, an unforeseen circumstance frustrated.

The owners of the high ground lying east of the Capitol and facing which is the main front of the building, raised the price of their land to such an exorbitant sum that it was not "taken up." That, lying down the Hill, west and behind the Capitol towards the President's House, was built upon instead. It is along this stretches Pennsylvania Avenue. Jutting out from that, in all directions, streets are built up, and here lies the main portion of the present city.

The section lying east, originally the most eligible, remains for the most part unimproved — an expanse of unbuilt building lots interspersed with some few fine old houses and occasional rows of shabby tenements — an instance of over-reaching greed it would be vain to hope would teach others an useful lesson. A considerable portion of this land, I am informed, was eventually sold for taxes; but, after litigation, was gotten back again by heirs of the family originally owning it.

The streets of Washington cross each other at right angles as did those of ancient Babylon, and as is also the case in modern Philadelphia. Those running east and west are called after the letters of the Alphabet, B, C, D, Streets, etc.; those north and south, First, Second, Third, Streets, etc.

North, South, and East Capitol Streets intersect each other at right angles at the centre of the Capitol; and, with an imaginary line continued west, divide the city into four sections. So there is a Third Street East, and a Third Street, West; a C Street North, and a C Street South, and so on, throughout.

The Avenues, named after the different States in the Union at the time the city was laid out, are broad noble roads that cross these streets diagonally. They point in almost every conceivable direction.

There is no West Capitol Street. Where that would open there are continuous gardens, under the care of government, for propagating plants and trees. These are extensive, and join the grounds surrounding the Smithsonian Institute, which again connect with those attached to the President's House. This tract of land is never to be built upon, and is called "The Mall." When the original plan for its improvement is carried out—trees planted, and circuitous roads cut through it—there will be here a beautiful drive of several miles, as well as shaded walks and flowing fountains.

The way of numbering the houses in Washington, appears, to a stranger, to be guided by no established rule. They seem pitched on above the doors, as the caprice or fancy of neighborhoods or individuals dictated. Even old residents look aghast in their perplexity when asked about "the rule." An obliging gentleman attached to the Post Office, however, gave me the following information with regard to the matter:—

Streets running north and south commence numbering at their northern terminus.

Those running east and west number from Georgetown towards Washington.

The numbers on the Avenues begin at their most northern starting points.

This intricate arrangement, added to the straggling manner in which the city has been built up; — lone houses planted in open fields, and what the number would be guessed at, until surrounded by others, whose doors indicate their own accuracy and the mistake of the pioneer squatter; — will account somewhat for the inextricable confusion that exists. A thorough reform of the whole system is greatly needed.

East Capitol Street was intended to have been the grand palatial street of the Federal City. It starts opposite the eastern centre of the Capitol; a grand wide road that leads on to the Anacostia or "eastern branch" of the Potomac. As you traverse it and look back the vista is terminated by the columned Eastern Portico and cloud-seated Dome of the Capitol. This broad street, however, is only built up a short distance, and the houses, for the most part, are mean-looking. The open country is soon reached.

This, now, in 1863, is occupied by camps, parade grounds, and hospitals. Lincoln Hospital, capable of accommodating 3,500 invalids, is here. Emory Hospital, also of very extensive ability, is its near neighbor. Camp Barry, the artillery instruction camp, lies in close proximity, as does the extended parade ground, where grand reviews, sometimes of many thousands of troops, are held.

THE EAST CENTRAL PORTICO OF
THE CAPITOL.

This Portico is grandly imposing. The pediment rests on massive columns of stone of the Corinthian order. The shafts of these columns are thirty feet high. There are rows of them. The three flights of brown steps of this Portico contrast with the steps of the Porticoes of the "extensions," which are of white marble.

The tympanum, (those unacquainted with architectural terms would probably call it the "gable centre-piece" of the Portico,) is ornamented with a group of allegorical figures, in *alto relievo*, of colossal size, the idea of President John Quincy Adams. The artist who executed it was Signor Persico, an Italian.

The central figure represents the Genius of America with a shield in her right hand, on which are the letters U. S. A. The shield rests lightly on an altar, on which, in an oaken wreath, is inscribed, "July 4, 1776." Behind her is a spear. Hope stands on her left, resting on an anchor. America directs the attention of Hope to Justice, who holds in her right hand the Constitution of the United States, and in the other the scales. The American Eagle, in the act of winging his flight, at the command of America, is the fourth figure of the group.

Considering the soft porous nature of the material—mere sand-stone, afterwards painted white—out of which this work was sculptured, it reflects great credit on the artist.

Above the door, that enters the Rotunda from the Portico, are two figures, hovering in air, crowning with a wreath of laurel the bust of Washington. They represent Fame and Peace. It is a *bass-relief*, in stone, executed by Signor Capellano.

On each side of this door stands in a niche, a colossal figure chiseled out of Carrara marble. That on the north represents War; that on the south side Peace. They are original conceptions of Signor Persico.

The figure of War grasps in his right hand a sword, in the other a shield. The brow has an angry expression, as if suffering from a sense of conscious wrong, rather than a brute fierce or ferocious look. It has marked on it, also, a determined bearing, as well as consciousness of power, with the will, too, to punish the wrong, and defend the right. His costume is Roman; and his belt and tunic are ornamented with symbols of the victims offered to him.

Peace is a female figure, a maiden, in simple, flowing robes, with sandaled feet, and bearing in her hand a fruit-bearing olive branch, that she holds out with a gentle, winning smile.

The expression of her face is benign and majestic. The drapery around the figure is very graceful, and there peeps out from its folds, as an ornament, a single acorn.

Two blocks, on the sides of the staircase of the Portico, are occupied by groups of statuary. One of these represents the Discovery, and the other the Settlement, of the country. The first is by Persico, the latter by Greenough.

The group of the Discovery consists of two figures; Columbus and an Indian woman. Columbus stands foremost, and exultant, upholding a globe; the woman gazes at him in startled terror, and, in an almost crouching attitude, fixes her earnest anxious eyes upon him. There is intense life, and earnestness, expressed in every line of this piece of sculpture.

The group by Greenough, illustrating the Settlement of the Country, is also called "Civilization." It presents a scene of American pioneer life, and consists of five figures. An American Indian, tomahawk in hand, is in life struggle with the father; the wife, with a babe, in agony awaits the issue; and beside them, eager to take part in the fight, is a faithful dog. So life-like is this work in all its details, and so thrilling the subject, that the looker on is cheated momentarily into the belief that the conflict will proceed, and expects to see the attitudes of the figures change.

Greenough was engaged eight years in executing this work. It was finished in 1851, and is cut out of Serravezza marble. Signor Persico originally had the order to prepare the group to occupy this platform, and started for Italy with this purpose in view.

The East Central Portico measures 160 feet front, and is crowned with a pediment of 80 feet span. It is ornamented with 24 pillars and 12 pilasters. Its projection with the steps extends 65 feet.

The centre or Rotunda portion of the original Capitol, was commenced in 1818, and finished in 1827. It cost up to that date \$957,647 35.

GREENOUGH'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

This Statue, at present, is placed in the square opposite the Eastern Front of the Capitol, and faces the Central Portico. For some years it stood in the centre of the Rotunda. Whether it will again occupy that position, when the Rotunda is finished, I am unable to say. Such, however, was the original intention with regard to it. The far more lofty ceiling of the present chamber removes, in great part, the objection formerly urged, "that, it seemed to fill up so much space."

The figure is about twelve feet in height, and the whole occupies a massive pedestal. It weighs fourteen tons. On three sides the granite pedestal is the proud eulogy on Washington, familiar to every American, **FIRST IN WAR — FIRST IN PEACE — FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.**

Washington is represented sitting in majesty. His person is nude to the waist. The right arm, and lower portions of the body, are draped. He holds in his left hand a sheathed sword, and with his right hand points towards heaven. The likeness, though huge, is striking, and there is great poetical grandeur in the whole figure.

His chair is ornamented with the acanthus leaf, and lions' heads. A small figure of Columbus leans against its back, and thus connects the idea of America with Europe. Opposite, and also leaning against the back, is an Indian chief, of the same size, indicating the condition of the country at the time of its discovery.

On the right of the chair, in *basso relievo*, is Phæton in his fiery car and steeds, allegorically representing the rising sun,—the crest of the national arms of America,—and illustrating the line,

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo." *

* The English of this motto is: —

"An august course of ages starts anew."

The Genii of North and South America are represented on the left side of the chair, also in *basso relievo*. That of North America is under the form of Hercules strangling the serpent. That of South America, as Iphiclus, stretched on the ground, shrinks from the contest. The motto here illustrated, is: —

“*Incipe parve puer cui non risere parentes.*” *

The following inscription is on the back of the chair: —

SIMULACRUM ISTUD
MAGNUM LIBERTATIS EXEMPLUM,
NEC SINE IPSA DURATURUM.
HORATIUS GREENOUGH
FACIEBAT.

In English this inscription is,

“This Statue cast in Freedom’s stately form
And by her e’er upheld.”
“HORATIO GREENOUGH SCULPTOR.”

No statue about the Capitol has given rise to so much animadversion as this one. Many who see it, are loud in their censure of it. Others, again, speak of it in terms of the highest eulogy. The Hon. Edward Everett has pronounced it one of the finest works of art of ancient or modern times.

It certainly does not embody a visible realization of the idea existing in the heart of the nation of the “great chief.” We do not think of Washington as a half-naked Roman, sitting in God-like state, like Jupiter. The “Father of his country” seems near to his children; one of the same nature as themselves, though better, to whom they owe their national life; who suffered with them, and shared in the blessings as well as the perils of the fearful Revolutionary struggle.

A foreign writer thus speaks of it:—“Nothing can be more human, and at the same time more God-like, than this

* This line is thus translated:—

“O youth, unblest by parents’ smiles, begin.”

colossal statue of Washington. It is a sort of domestic Jupiter. The sublime repose and simplicity of the whole figure, united as it is with exceeding energy of expression, is perfectly classical, without the slightest abstract imitation, so that there is no mistaking the pure lineage of this statue. He has addressed his statue of Washington to a distant posterity, and made it rather a poetical abstract of his whole career, than the chronicler of any one deed or any one leading feature of his life."

The dead artist, himself, thus feelingly once wrote of his work. As we read his touching words they disarm criticism :

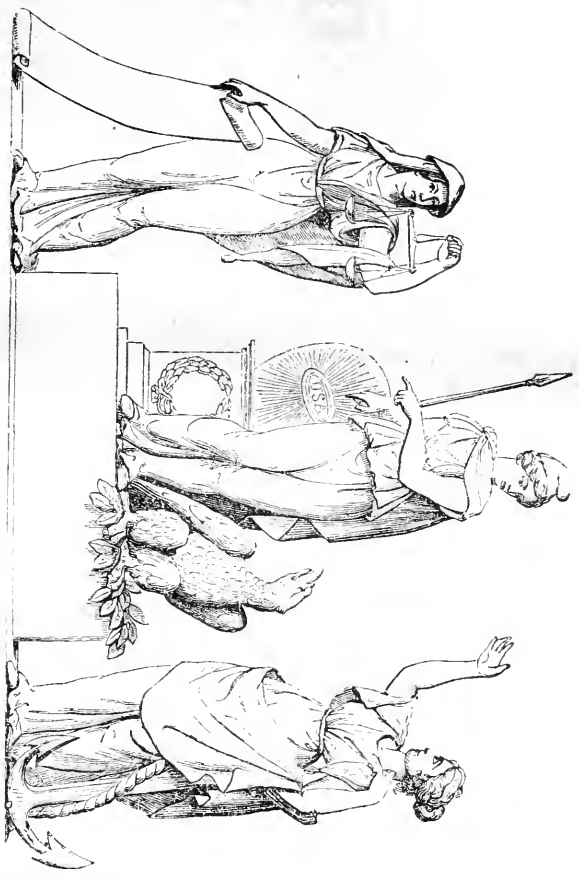
"It is the birth of my thought. I have sacrificed to it the flower of my days and the freshness of my strength; its every lineament has been moistened with the sweat of my toil, and the tears of my exile. I would not barter away its association with my name for the proudest fortune avarice ever dreamed of. In giving it up to the nation that has done me the honor to order it at my hands, I respectfully claim for it that protection which it is the boast of civilization to afford to art, and which a generous enemy has more than once been seen to extend even to the monuments of his own defeat."

Horatio Greenough was born in Boston, Sept. 6, 1805. He died at Somerville, near Boston, Dec. 18, 1852, of brain fever. The first commission given him to execute a group of sculpture was of "The Chanting Cherubs," for Mr. COOPER, the novelist. "This order," he said, "saved me from despair;" and also, that "he (Cooper,) was a father to me in kindness." It is pleasant to make such record of one of America's most gifted writers.

The statue of Washington was finished in 1843, and cost \$25,000. It was executed in Italy, and brought to America in the national ship Ohio; it being difficult to find a merchant ship able to carry it.

In 1851, after the group of "Civilization" was finished, Mr. Greenough returned to this country to superintend the proper placing of this his last work upon its pedestal. It is said, the delay, anxiety, and worry, consequent upon this duty, superinduced the disease which caused his death.

ALLEGORICAL GROUP ON TYMPANUM OF CENTRAL EAST PORTICO

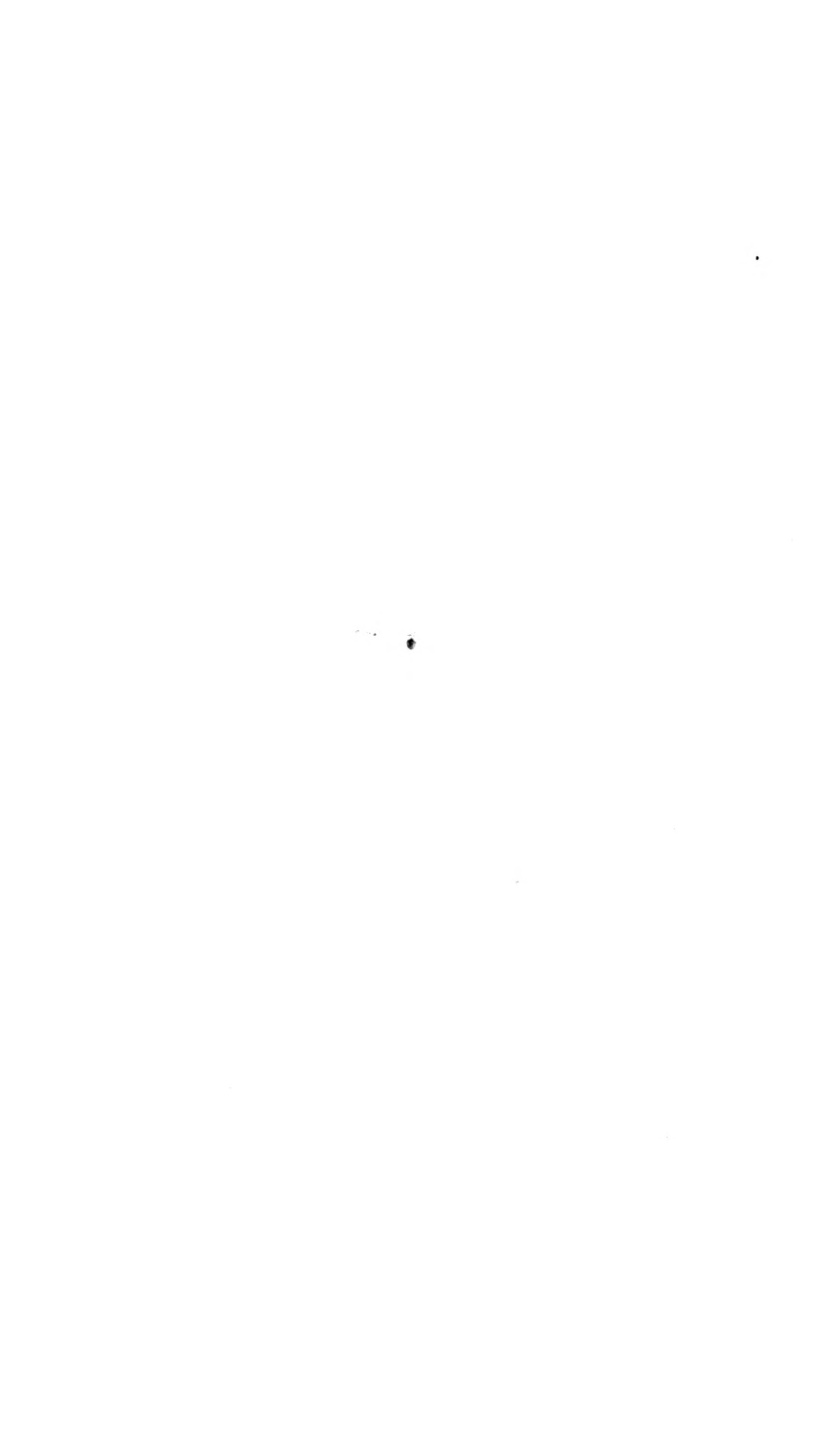




STATUE OF PEACE. BY PERSICO.



STATUE OF WAR. BY PERSICO.



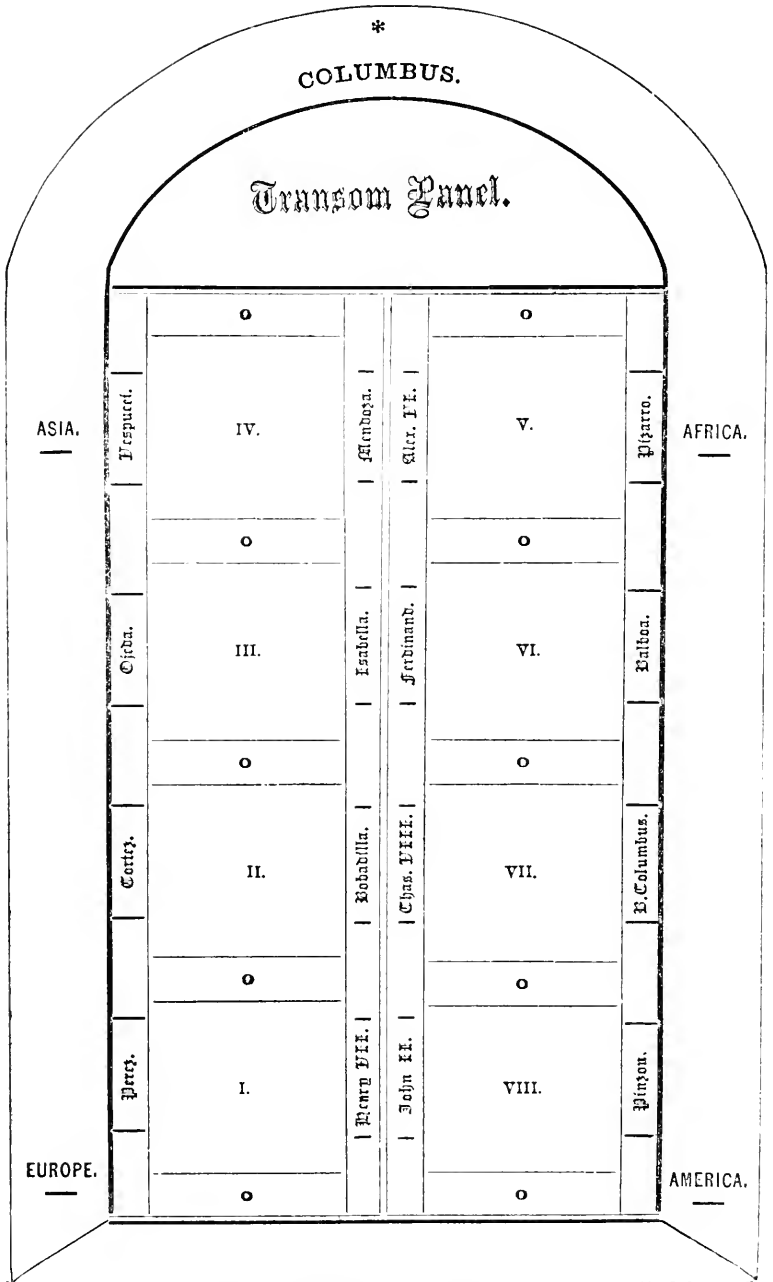


CLOCK IN OLD HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES.
BY C. FRANZONI.

*

COLUMBUS.

Transom Panel.



THE ROGERS' BRONZE DOOR.

This magnificent Door opens out of the old Hall of the House of Representatives upon the corridor leading into the new Hall.

It was originally designed to occupy this place, but Thomas U. Walter, Esq., "Architect of the United States' Capitol Extension and the new Dome," who also was the architect of the "Girard College, at Philadelphia," very judiciously remarks in his Annual Report of 1862:—

This "is not a suitable place for it, as there is nothing in the location that requires such a door, nor is there any reason why an opening so entirely subordinate and unimportant in the design of the building should be embellished with so magnificent and expensive a work of art.

"The door which closes this opening should correspond with the main entrance door of the present Hall of Representatives which stands opposite to it. Besides, it could never be seen to any advantage;—standing in the common thoroughfare through the building it would never remain closed during the sessions of Congress; its valves would necessarily be always folded back into the jambs, thus sacrificing the whole effect of the composition.

"In view of these considerations I respectfully recommend that this door be placed in the Eastern Front of the centre building, and be made to constitute the principal entrance to the Capitol. In this situation its elaborate decorations would be seen to advantage, having the full benefit of light and shade, and there would be nothing to prevent its occasionally remaining closed."

In his Annual Report for '63, since made public, Mr. Walter thus resumes the subject of the location of the Door:—

"I objected to this locality in my last Annual Report, and gave several reasons why it would be preferable to place it at the principal entrance of the old Capitol. I find, however, after having seen the door, that it is not at all suitable for the exterior entrance of such a building; it has too much

fine detail for outside exposure in a climate like this, and were it placed in the centre of the Eastern Front, as proposed, its surroundings would not be in harmony with so magnificent and elaborate a work of art.

"The Eastern Portico of the old building will certainly be taken down at no very distant day, and the front be extended eastward, at least, to the front line of the wings, so as to complete the architectural group, and, at the same time, afford additional accommodations to the legislative department of the Government.

"When this improvement shall have been put in progress, the vestibule may be made a leading feature in the building, and it may be so designed as to be in harmony with this door, which can then be removed and made to serve the purpose of an inner or vestibule door, where it will be protected from the weather, and where the architecture in connection with it will be consistent with its form and in harmony with its design."

What effect these remarks and recommendations may have upon the final disposition of the Door cannot, of course, as yet be known.

This, however, is certain, that the windows on each side the corridor scarcely afford sufficient light to read with ease the grand illuminated Page of History, which the Door really is.

FASHION OF THE DOOR.

The Door is of entire bronze, and weighs 20,000 pounds. Its whole height is seventeen feet and its width nine feet. It is believed to be the only work of the kind thus constructed in the world.

The Door is folding or double, and the view given in our necessarily meagre outline Diagram is of it as it appears when closed.

It stands sunk back inside of a casing, also of bronze, that projects about a foot forward from the leaves or valves. On this casing each side of the Door, are four figures, at the top and bottom, representing Asia, Africa, Europe, and America. A running border, emblematic of conquest and navigation, occupies the space along the casing between them.

The Door has eight Panels beside the semi-circular one at the top. In each one of these Panels is a separate picture.

The back of the Door is plainly finished. Each of the Panels there has only a circular moulding inclosing a centre star.

This whole work was designed by Randolph Rogers, an American artist, and modeled by him in Rome, in 1858. It was cast in bronze by F. von Müller, at Munich, and finished by him, awaiting the order of Government, in 1861.

The work is delicately minute in all its details. A single figure is in itself a gem of art. The grouping of the scenes is highly effective and each picture is as defined and expressive as a line engraving. The work is in *alto relievo*—the figures projecting almost entirely out from the surface.

THE STORY THE DOOR TELLS

Is the HISTORY OF COLUMBUS and the DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

The Panel containing the earliest scene in the life of the great Admiral, is the lowest one on the left hand side, and in our Diagram it is marked

I.

It represents "Columbus undergoing an Examination before the Council of Salamanca." He is seen here zealously unfolding his grand theory to a bigoted audience.

This Council at last, after long delays, decided "the project vain and impossible; and not becoming great princes to engage in on such slender grounds as had been adduced."

The Panel above it marked

II.

Contains "Columbus' Departure from the Convent of La Rabida," near Palos. He is just setting out to visit the Spanish Court.

It was to this Convent he had come weary, and on foot, with his little son Diego, begging bread for him, his heart saddened by poverty, debt, and hope deferred. He was received kindly by the pious fathers and lived here a long time. Juan Perez, prior of the convent, a former confessor to Queen Isabella interested himself deeply in his affairs and through him and the Lady Beatriz de Bobadilla, a favorite attendant of Isabella, the queen was induced to send Columbus 20,000 maravedis, about seventy-two dollars, equivalent to two hundred and sixteen dollars of the present time, to enable him to make a respectable appearance at court. It was

while staying at this Convent that he also formed the acquaintance of Alonzo Pinzon who sailed with him in his first voyage to America.

The Panel marked

III.

Is his "Audience at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella." In this picture the queen, seated in state, leans forward and seems deeply interested in what Columbus is saying. The king, by her side, with chilling apathy evidently regards him as a visionary.

The next Panel is the top one of this half of the door, and is marked by us

IV.

Its picture represents the "Starting of Columbus from Palos" on his first voyage. He is here confiding his son to the monks before he embarks. His ships lie waiting in the harbor.

THE TRANSOM PANEL

Occupies the semi-circular sweep over the whole door. The extensive picture here is the "First Landing of the Spaniards in state at San Salvador."

The top Panel on the other leaf of the door, and marked in our Diagram

V.

Contains the first of the sad pictures of the Door, and represents the "Earliest Encounter of the Discoverers with the Natives." In it one of the sailors is seen bringing an Indian girl on his shoulders a prisoner. The transaction aroused the stern indignation of Columbus.

The Panel next below this one, marked

VI.

Has in it "The Triumphant Entry of Columbus into Barcelona." It is full of the glory of success and waving banners; all the halo of rose-color seems now to light up the future of the great Discoverer.

But in the Panel below this is represented a very different scene. It is numbered

VII.

And is "The Admiral in Chains."

Don Francisco de Bobadilla, sent out by the court to investigate charges preferred against Columbus, had him, thus disgraced, sent back to Spain. When on board the vessel, upon the officers there wishing to relieve him of his chains, he replied with deep feeling:—"I will wear them as a memento of the gratitude of princes!"

In the next Panel,

VIII.

Is the "Death scene." Columbus lies in bed. The last rites of the Catholic Church have been administered;—friends and attendants are around him;—and a priest holds up a crucifix for him to kiss, and upon it bids him fix his dying eyes.

Columbus returned from his last voyage poor, sick, and disconsolate. True, previous to his starting on this voyage, the charges against him had been all cleared away, and the vain, weak headed Francisco de Bobadilla was drowned with his crew on their voyage home. But, now his friend Queen Isabella was dead. The king looked coldly upon the man who had given him an empire.

Columbus landed near San Lucar, and from thence proceeded to Seville where, to quote his own words, he "had no place to repair to except an inn, and often with nothing to pay for his sustenance."

He sought redress at the Spanish Court by means of friends and letters, but failed in all. After painful delays, sometimes carried on a litter, he at last succeeded in reaching Segovia in Old Castile, where the Court then was, but all his renewed endeavors to obtain justice were futile.

Columbus died at Valladolid, the 20th of May, 1506, aged about 70 years. His last words were, "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*" "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." Those closing eyes doubtless opened upon a new discovery—that far brighter land than the Western Antilles, the gold of which is not corroded with blood, or care, nor ever dimmed with tears.

[NOTE.—Upon the Door itself there are no marks of numbers on the Panels as in the Diagram—this numbering was introduced to enable our description of it to be more easily understood.]

The funeral obsequies of Columbus were celebrated in great pomp in the parochial church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, in Valladolid, and his remains interred in the Convent of St. Francis. In 1513 they were removed to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas, at Seville.

In 1536 they were taken from Spain to the island of St. Domingo, where they remained over two hundred and fifty years. From there, again, in 1796, they were removed in great pomp to Havana and now rest in the Cathedral of the Capital of Cuba.

THE STATUETTES.

On the Door, on the sides and between these Panels, are sixteen small statues, set in niches, of eminent cotemporaries of

Columbus. Their names are marked on the Door, as well as on the Diagram, where they are printed in the positions they occupy on the Door.

Beginning at the bottom, on the side from which we started in numbering the Panels, we find the figure occupying the lowest niche is

PEREZ. Juan Perez de Marchena was prior of the Convent of La Rabi-da, the early and ever firm friend of Columbus.

The niche above this is occupied by **CORTEZ**, the conquerer of Mexico.

Above him again stands **OJEDA**. Don Alonzo de Ojeda was an early Spanish adventurer to the New World,—of patrician birth. He possessed great bravery and endurance, but lacked fealty to the illustrious Admiral.

VESPUCCI occupies the next niche on the door. It is, perhaps, not generally known that among the friends of Columbus whom he trusted during his last dark days was numbered Amerigo Vespucci.

Then come, opposite in line across the door, standing in two niches, side by side, **MENDOZA** and **ALEXANDER VI.**

Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo and Grand Cardinal of Spain, at an early period patronized the cause of Columbus. His influence at court was great, and he is sometimes facetiously called "the third king of Spain."

Alexander VI. was a Roman Pontiff. He was a native of Valencia and born a subject to the crown of Aragon. He was an able and politic sovereign, although represented by history as a perfidious, bad man.

Then follow, below them, **ISABELLA** and **FERDINAND**, King and Queen of Spain.

Beneath them stands the **LADY BEATRIZ DE BOBADILLA**, marchioness of Moya, the early friend of Columbus, and favorite of Queen Isabella. Beside her is

CHARLES VIII., King of France, a prince of the house of Valois. He died 1498, aged 28 years.

The first figure of the lowest pair on the door is **HENRY VII.**, of England, the Richmond of Shakspeare's play of Richard III. and grandfather to the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. He was a patron of navigation, and seemed disposed to regard with favor the theory of Columbus, which was presented to his notice by Bartholomew the brother of the Admiral. But, already, the discovery had been accomplished. Beside him, stands

JOHN II., King of Portugal. This monarch declined accepting the proposals from Columbus made him previous to his application to Ferdinand and Isabella.

Then, in the same line with them, across the Panel, is

PINZON. Martin Alonzo Pinzon commanded the "Pinta," one of Columbus' little fleet of three vessels. It was he who first saw "Land,"

September 25, 1492: eventually his friendship died out, and he proved treacherous to Columbus. He died a victim to grief and bitter mortification.

In the niche above Pinzon stands B. COLUMBUS, the brother of the Admiral, and appointed by him *adelantado*, or lieutenant-governor of the Indies.

Then comes VASCO NUÑEZ DE BALBOA, a Spanish discoverer and adventurer, born in 1475. It was he who crossed the isthmus of Darien and on September 29, 1510, first saw from a mountain the Pacific ocean.

In the niche above, again at the top of the Door, stands the figure of FRANCISCO PIZARRO, the conqueror of Peru.

THE HEADS ON THE DOOR.

Between the Panels and at top and bottom of the valves of the Door are ten small projecting heads. They are indicated on the Diagram by round outline dots.

These heads, or rather those "between the Panels," are described in Mr. Walter's Report as "representing historians who have written on his (Columbus') voyages from his own time down to the present day, ending with Irving and Prescott."

All endeavor to obtain further certain information relative to the heads has resulted in disappointment. Mr. Walter offered an examination of all his correspondence with the artist that might throw light upon the subject, but he himself had stated already, as above quoted, all that could be thus elicited. The two heads at the tops of the valves are evidently female heads, while the two next the floor possess markedly Indian characteristics.

Above, over the transom arch, on the casing of the Door, looks down, over all, the serene grand head of COLUMBUS.

Beneath this head of Columbus, the AMERICAN EAGLE spreads out his widely extended wings.

Besides all that there has been an attempt to describe, the rest of the Door is covered with emblems, banners, and heraldic emblazonry, relating to the times and the people that figure in the historic lessons, impressed upon its ponderous leaves.

COST OF THE DOOR.

The cost of the Door was thirty thousand dollars.

The opinion has been very freely expressed, that the names of the artist and bronze-founder, instead of occupying the places they do on the Door, in the midst of the running border, and really disfiguring it, should have been put at the foot of the casing. Standing where they do, they seem very much like Yankee business cards.

Mr. Rogers, it is said, was unable to obtain a likeness of B. Columbus, the brother of the Admiral, and the face affixed to that statuette on the Door, is his own. For the same reason he was compelled to substitute some face for that of the Lady Beatriz de Bobadilla, and that of Mrs. Rogers, was the one he selected.

It was intended, at first, to have had the illuminated Bronze Door, designed by Crawford, for the main entrance from the Portico of the Senate Extension of the Capitol, also cast by Mr. F. von Müller, at Munich, but arrangements were afterwards entered into to have it cast by Mr. Ames, at his foundry at Chicopee, Mass.

Mr. CLARK MILLS, of Bladensburg, was the founder who cast the Statue, designed by Crawford, that crowns the Capitol.

The whole cost of the Statue of Freedom, previous to its being raised to its present position, was \$23,796 82, and its weight, 14,985 pounds. Its height is 19 feet, 6 inches.

It may be interesting to know, that Jefferson Davis, the rebel chief, then our Secretary of War, and having the Capitol in charge, suggested to Mr. Crawford the "Helmet Cap" of Eagle feathers and Eagle beak, that now ornaments it — the original idea of the artist being entirely different.

The military aspect of Washington strikes the sense of the visitor during these war times. Cannon, firing at the Navy Yard, Artillery Camp, and Arsenal, is heard at frequent intervals. The roll of the drum and shrill notes of the fife are constantly sounding, while regiments of soldiers, coming and going, parade the streets. The Railroad Depot swarms with soldiers.

Wagons, containing forage and military stores, in long lines

looking like moving tents, stretch square after square, along the principal Avenues and streets. Hospitals, like "whited sepulchres," appear in all directions, and make one shiver at the idea of skeletons and dead men's bones. Ambulances crawl with a snail's pace, to and from them, freighted with quivering masses of suffering humanity, or with coffins wrapped in the folds of the "old Flag" in defence of which the dead heroes, sleeping inside them, died.

You meet, also, an innumerable host, in squads, or in twos, or single, dressed "in blue" halt, maimed, and often blind. They are the Soldiers of the Republic, whose bodies have been the fleshy rampart opposed to treason, and to them the nation and the world owe a debt they can never pay.

In October, just before General Banks was ordered south, a military review took place out East Capitol Street on the parade ground near Lincoln Hospital. The white tents of camps here and there, indeed lying in all directions, skirted the view. Many lookers-on were in carriages and on foot, and soldiers on horseback rode round the ground, driving back intruders that trespassed within the designated bounds.

Long before the ground was reached I heard the roll of drums. Gaining a slight eminence, a single glimpse was caught of a long line of flashing bayonets. Again, and there was another flash; and, still another. These flashes continued to succeed each other in rapid succession. They reminded me of the Aurora Borealis that is seen far north. But I soon hurried on to get nearer.

The soldiers and artillery defiled in front of Generals Casey and Banks and their staffs who were on horseback, and then around the Hospital, a cluster of long low buildings, that, for a while, hid portions of them from sight. This losing sight of them, temporarily, and then, their again appearing, heightened the effect of the spectacle.

Quite a number of tiny silken flags were attached to the bridle-gear of many of the horses of the officers-of-staff. They

looked very pretty, and fluttered in the wind like wings of brilliant butterflies.

There was a constant galloping of officers up to where the two generals sat, with whom a few words were exchanged, and then they galloped off again, as if the Furies were chasing them. On several occasions the generals saw proper to change their position in the field.

The soldiers marched, and countermarched. Drums beat, and, occasionally, bugles sounded. Batteries of artillery, with horses galloping and gun-carriages rattling noisily along, fell into line, the men shouting as they hurried on their way. At one time they made an immense circuit, it must have been of at least a mile, and, from where I stood, and as the sun fell on them as a certain turn was made, sunshine flashed all at once upon a thousand bayonets, and they glittered in it like a wave of diamonds. A moment passed, and then another wave of diamonds flashed and glittered — moving on, to be succeeded by another, and still another, until the thousands of soldiers had all passed by, and the green carpet of the earth lay motionless behind them, like a calm great sea.

Again — and this was just before they started to go into the city in procession — the whole of the six thousand soldiers in two grand divisions, stood in front of the generals, lined in long platoons. At the word of command they separated a little wider apart; and then, all at once, there dashed in between them, with bugles sounding, a battery of artillery, making a fearful noise, with horses, and guns, and caissons. The effect was terrific. The firm earth seemed to tremble. I thought of Gideon and his battle-cry thousands of years ago.

There was now another change of position of the generals, another galloping off of their captains after them, and they all swept from the field, the little flags on the horses fluttering as if they would fly away.

I watched the procession as it followed in their wake. On, and on, it receded further and further from where I stood, until in the distance, as the pageant neared the Capitol, the sound of the drum-beat rolled fainter and fainter. At last, like a long trailing cloud of fire-flies, seen at night time, it passed away down the hill, and was gone!

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPITOL — CONGRESS — OLD HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES — FIRST HALL DESTROYED BY THE BRITISH — NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES — PICTURE OF GENERAL SCOTT — STATUE OF JEFFERSON BY POWERS — BRONZE CAST OF AN INDIAN CHIEF — LEUTZE'S PICTURE OF "WESTERN EMIGRATION" — THE TWO ARTISTS FRANZONI.

THE immense size of the Capitol grows upon one. This is true also of the Louvre, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, and other great buildings of the world. The same effect is produced as we continue to gaze upon the grand works of Nature — the Falls of Niagara, the Jungfrau, and the mighty ocean. Who cannot recall his first sight of the sea? — its waves beating like pulses and breaking on the beach. But it was only after a time, its immensity imperceptibly stole over the soul, and thought became lost in the sense of its vastness.

The length of the Capitol extends seven hundred and fifty-one feet, four inches; the breadth, including the steps of the Extensions, three hundred and twenty-four feet — the whole covering an area of ground of more than three-and-a-half acres, or 153,112 square feet.

The Dome towers in the air nearly four hundred feet to its top, as seen from the ground west and down the hill — a height over twice that of Niagara Falls. It is of cast iron, painted white, and resembles in general appearance and gracefulness the great domes of St. Peter's of Rome, St. Paul's of London, St. Genevieve, and of the Invalides, of Paris, and that of the latest of all modern works of the kind, the Russian national church, the Cathedral of St Isaac's at St. Petersburg, which also is partly built of iron. It hangs there, up in the clouds, a real something of what haunted me, a dreaming schoolboy, as I

sat gazing at the pictures of the world's cathedrals in the Geography, long, long ago.

The Dome that it superseded was low, and was built of wood, brick, and stone, sheathed with copper; and had a circular wooden balustrade at the top. Its height was 145 feet from the ground. In general outline it resembled that of the Pantheon at Rome, though smaller, and also St. Sophia's of Constantinople. A picture of the Capitol, as it looked before the removal of the old Dome and the addition of the Extensions, was printed on the notes of the Bank of the United States, and may readily be recalled to remembrance. This Dome was removed in 1856.

The centre portion of the building — the original Capitol — is built of yellowish sandstone, painted white, procured from an island in Acquia Creek, Virginia. The island was purchased by Government for \$6,000, in 1791. The City Hall is constructed partly of the same material.

The Extensions of the Capitol are built of white marble slightly tinged with blue, obtained from a quarry in Lee, Massachusetts. The columns of the Extensions are of white marble, taken from a quarry in Maryland.

The interior general arrangement of the Capitol is extremely simple: the Rotunda beneath the Dome in the centre; the Senate Chamber in the Extension on one side, the North; and the Hall of Representatives in the other, on the South. Yet its several stories, many committee and departmental rooms, vestibules, long corridors, the old Hall of Representatives, and broad winding staircases, confuse a stranger, and I know, some few, temporarily, lose themselves in it.

A few days before the Thirty-Seventh Congress adjourned, in passing through the portion of the Capitol that was the vestibule to the old Senate Chamber now the Supreme Court Room, I heard, coming up the rarely-used marble staircase, the heavy military tread of a single man, and, wondering who had stumbled this way into the building, waited until the stranger should make his appearance. He came, tramping on, up the

steps, and emerged at the head of the stairs, a rugged-looking soldier. One hand was tied up, for he had lost a finger a short time before, during "Stonewall" Jackson's raid at Winchester. He made a quick military salute, and with an air of perplexity, said :

"Would you be so kind, sir, as to tell me where I'd find Congress?"

I willingly offered to show him the way.

On starting for the Hall of Representatives, we almost immediately crossed into the Rotunda. He pulled off his cap, and held it in his hand, gazing in wonder at the pictures that line its walls, and at its sky-capped roof. I mentioned the names of the rooms and passages through which we passed, talking to him, as we went along, about the Jackson raid, and his own part in the fray. He picked up the skirt of his coat, and showed me where a ball passed through it "bout the time my finger was shot off." He then said :

"I've all my life wanted to see Congress, but I never thought I could, though!" and his brown face lighted with expectation.

We climbed the darkened Western staircase — the sky-light of which was boarded over, for Leutze was then working at his great fresco — and approached the middle door of the west gallery. I opened it suddenly, and the whole scene beneath at once burst upon us. He stood for a moment silent, then said, in a suppressed whisper, repeating it :

"What a splendid pictur!"

It was a splendid picture.

An immense Hall lighted only from the roof. Around all its sides, half way up, runs a deep gallery with cushioned seats ranged one above the other. The light pours down through panes of painted glass, ranged lengthwise, side by side, in the middle of the ceiling, full upon the floor, leaving the galleries in shadow. Rows of gilded ventilators square the splendid sky-light. The walls are of a subdued color, paneled, and heavily gilt. The carpet of the Hall is green.

Lengthwise the Hall, in successive semicircles, slightly

elevated each above the other, are seven rows of desks. They are of oak, as are most of the massive arm-chairs behind them. They face the Speaker's Chair, that is on an elevated platform, up flights of steps, all of white marble, making one think of a pure white Throne. Behind, and over it, against the wall, bending towards each other, hang two silken flags — the "Stars and Stripes." Between them, overshadowing the chair, is a gilded American Eagle.

Right and left of the chair, each occupying a large panel, are full length portraits of Washington and Lafayette. Opposite these, and facing the chair, is a handsome clock, against which lean two bronze figures, one on each side, an Indian and a hunter.

Sofas and lounges of all conceivable grades of luxury stand around the sides of the room, beyond the desks of the Congressmen.

The House was in session. A sound of many voices reached us where we stood up near the ceiling, and the *tableaux vivants* were curiously interesting : —

Some military officer of high grade, in uniform — his thin, white hair exposing a noble forehead — stood near one of the doors shaking hands with members, ambitious of the honor, crowding around him.

A clerk stood at his desk, reading in a stentorian voice, that sounded like muttering thunder, what I suppose were items of bills. My hearing is good, but his words were unintelligible.

Congressmen were looking over newspapers, some with their feet on desks, their heads overtopped and almost hid by a forest of legs. Others were writing, while groups, here and there, engaged in conversation. There was general hubbub.

Two of the boy-pages, unconcerned in what was going on, were deep in a game of fisticuffs at one end of the room — the larger had the other, a little fellow, in an easy (?) chair, and was vigorously pummelling him.

The muttering thunder at length ceased — and the Speaker rapped sharply on his desk, calling gentlemen to order. Con

gress waked up. "Mr. Speaker!" "Mr. Speaker!!" "Mr. Speaker!!!" was shouted by voices, in as many different keys, from various parts of the Hall. How in the world the presiding officer could tell who spoke first I cannot imagine. Several of the more alert, however, in turn, succeeded in obtaining the floor, and said their say — though I think nineteen Congressmen out of twenty did n't hear what it was.

Meantime the smaller boy-page made a successful wriggle out of the cushioned chair, and decamped through a door into one of the ante-rooms. A moment after he thrust his saucy face in again, with his thumb placed at the end of his nose — using it as a pivot, he made a significant gesture with the other fingers at his big opponent before he finally retired. I hope the little rascal intended it wholly for him, and not for the august assembly whose presence he was leaving.

My soldier-companion attentively gazed on what was going on below us. After a while, button-holing me, he said in a tone so loud that I feared that the important functionary, the door-keeper, would unpleasantly with a touch of his *baton* remind us, "Conversation is not allowed in the galleries, gentlemen:" —

"Why, mister, they do n't seem to listen to what one another says!" I whispered back, "No, they did n't, but as it was all printed in the newspapers, they could read it afterwards if they wanted." This seemed hardly to satisfy him.

Half an hour passed away. He then asked me to show him the Senate Chamber, and we left the gallery.

There are no old associations of historic interest about the present halls of Congress. Events transpired there time has not yet mellowed. All is fresh and green as the carpets. But History is writing, each day a record there, that will interest the world and all time — the grand Story of the Culmination and Putting Down of the Rebellion — that fearfullest of all attempts ever made to drive Liberty from the homes of men.

As I came again into the Old Hall of Representatives after having left the soldier in the gallery of the Senate, I was struck.

as I often had been before, with the air of majesty pervading the grand deserted room, stripped as it was of many old State trappings. It is of semi-circular shape, and surrounded by twenty-six columns of variegated Potomac marble. The figure of "Liberty," beneath which is an "Eagle on the wing," still occupies its position high up in the Hall above where was once the Speaker's chair; as does also, opposite it, the marble statue representing "History recording the events of the nation." She is placed on a winged car, rolling round a globe on which are delineated the signs of the Zodiac, and the wheel of the car is the face of the clock.

Two cake-women, with tables, were now the occupants of the floor of this magnificent chamber. The room was without a carpet; the windows were bare of drapery; and the walls discolored. Cobwebs waved backwards and forwards up near the ceiling. The chandelier, once regarded as a triumph of artistic elegance, was covered with dust, and the sky-light was so obscured with smoke and accumulated dirt that it admitted little light. Foot-falls, of passers in and out of the room, and along the corridors that lead to it, fell faintly, and monotonously, on the hearing, and, gradually, I became lost in reverie.

It was here the great departed used to congregate. The echoes of their footsteps, to my awakened imagination, now seemed to linger around; their voices to whisper through the empty space. The room gradually appeared again re-peopled. I saw in fancy, what my eyes once saw, many years ago, as I stood early one morning, before Congress had assembled, in that now deserted gallery, the venerable John Quincy Adams at his desk working, and on his shining bald head rays of sunlight fell that lit it up until a star seemed shining there.

The stately forms of Clay, of Webster, and of other departed patriot men, now, appeared, again, to walk through the room. Their faces were sad, yet resolute. They grouped themselves around the two Declarations of Independence, that hung in their old frames on the otherwise dismantled walls, above the

long unused fire-places, and stretched out their arms and pointed expressively towards them. The room seemed solemn as a sepulchre. At last, to my great relief, there burst a glad strain of music through an open window, and they all vanished into thin air. It was Wednesday, towards evening, and the concert in the grounds had commenced.

I hastily left the apartment, glad to get into the open air and in the sunshine among the trees and flowers.

OLD HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES.

This Old Hall was the main feature in the south side of the original Capitol.

I copy an admirable description of it, as it was, written by Mr. GEORGE WATTERSTON, who, for many years was Librarian of the Congressional Library, being appointed to that office by President Madison. A book written by him Describing Washington, and published in 1842, now out of print, was, I think, one of the very best of Guide Books ever published of the Federal City, and it is the mine out of which much of the material contained in its successors has been taken. I have added but a few explanatory clauses and sentences, and they are contained within brackets.

Mr. Watterston writes:

“This magnificent apartment is in the form of an ancient Greek theatre, ninety-five feet in length, and sixty feet in height to the most elevated point of the ceiling, and occupies nearly the whole area of the wing, from the second story upwards. Twenty-six massive columns and pilasters of Potomac marble, or breccia, standing on a base of sandstone, the capitals of which are of Italian marble, executed in Italy, support a magnificent dome with painted caissons, to represent that of the Pantheon at Rome. From the centre of this dome is erected, to admit the light from above, a handsome cupola, richly painted and ornamented by a young Italian artist named

BONANI, who also painted the ceiling, and who died in this city soon after it was completed.

[“Breccia” are small mineral fragments joined together. Any one who has seen Potomac marble in its rough state, would at once see how correct the application of this term is to it. “Caissons” are sunken panels.]

“The Speaker’s chair is elevated on a platform richly draped, and stands immediately in front of the north entrance.* * * Above it, and under a sweeping arch near the dome, extending from east to west, is placed the model of a colossal figure of Liberty, (in plaster,) by CAUSICI [a pupil of Canova]. On the entablature beneath the figure is sculptured in stone the American Eagle, in the act of taking wing, executed by another Italian artist (VALAPERTI) of high reputation, who has left but this single specimen of his talents in this country, and who disappeared suddenly and mysteriously soon after it was executed.

“Above the main entrance into the Hall stands a beautiful statue in marble, representing History recording the events of the nation. She stands in the attitude of listening, with her head turned on one side, a pen in one hand and an open book in the other, ready to write down the passing events. Her attitude is graceful and beautiful; her light drapery floats around her, and the winged car in which she stands seems to be in motion over the globe, on which is figured in *basso relievo* the signs of the zodiac. The wheel of the car serves as the face of the clock of the Hall, all beautifully designed and executed. The artist was Signor CARLO FRANZONI.* * *

“Between the massive marble columns of this apartment is suspended, in festoons, fringed drapery of crimson merino from rods variously decorated.* * * The portrait of Lafayette at full length, painted by a French artist, and presented to Congress during the last visit of that patriot to this country, (and a most admirable likeness of him,) decorates the panel on the west side, while a full length portrait of the more illustrious Washington, and of the same dimensions, painted by Mr. VANDERLYN, occupies the panel on the opposite side. [These two pictures now

hang in the New Hall of Representatives. Vanderlyn received for his picture, by order of Congress, \$2,500.] Between the columns, at their base, are placed sofas for the accommodation of the members, and those who are privileged to enter the Hall; and within the bar, in a semicircle fronting the Speaker's chair, are seated the members of the House, each one of whom is furnished with a mahogany desk, an armed chair, and writing materials.* * *

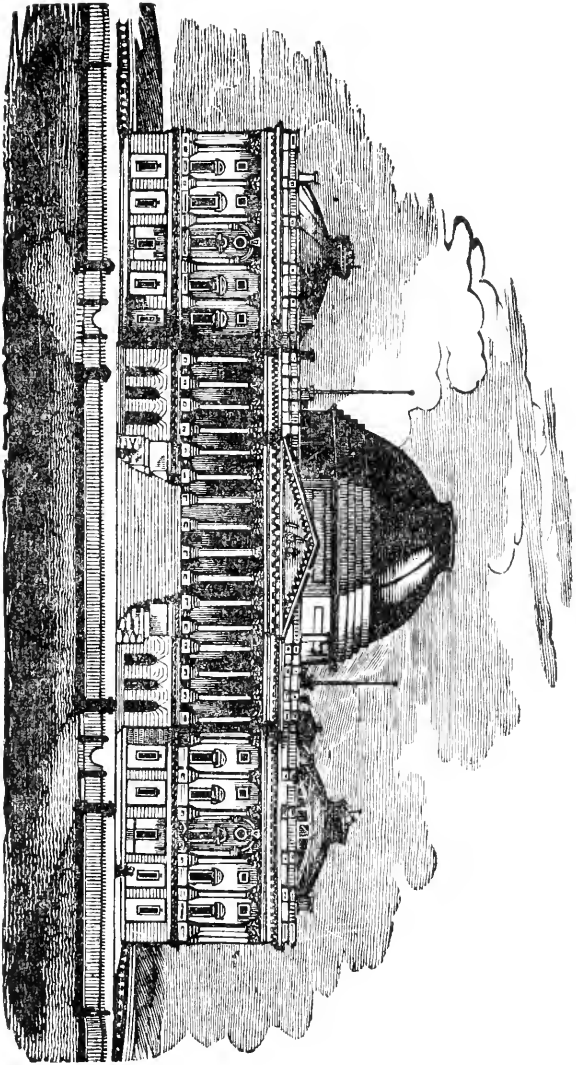
“Between the Rotunda and the Hall of Representatives is a small circular vestibule. It resembles a Grecian temple, and is surmounted by a Dome and Cupola. The caps of the columns are ornamented with the cotton plant, instead of the acanthus leaf of the Greeks. It was the design of Mr. Latrobe, an artist of genius and taste, who once had charge of this building, to make it national as far as was possible, by the introduction of architectural ornaments copied from the native productions of this country.”

This description of Mr. Watterston has reference to the Hall as it was restored, after the burning of the Capitol, in 1814, by the British.

The North or Senate side of the original Capitol was the portion of the building first made ready for Congress. The House of Representatives met in it, as also the Senate.

On the 3d Monday of November, the 17th, 1800, Congress first assembled in the City of Washington; but, in consequence of not having a quorum of both houses, and other delays, it was not until the next Saturday, the 22nd, that President John Adams, as was then the custom, delivered his message in person to the two Houses; the House of Representatives having repaired to the Senate chamber to hear it, after the manner of the opening of the British Parliament.

The building of the South wing of the Capitol progressed slowly. A temporary structure was erected for the use of the House of Representatives occupying about the site of the present South Extension of the Capitol, and into it that body



THE CAPITOL OF 1825.

removed. It sat there during the Congress that first assembled after the commencement of Mr. Jefferson's administration. The room it had occupied in the Capitol was immediately afterward appropriated to the Library of Congress, from which it was in turn displaced by the return of the House in 1805.

Mr. ROBERT MILLS (an Architect and Engineer,) thus speaks of this structure in his "Guide to Washington." [1854].

"The House sat in a temporary brick building erected for its accommodation which was of an elliptical form and found to be a good speaking room; hence when the permanent Hall was erected, this general form was adopted by Mr. Jefferson for it."

It was probably this structure that was so often facetiously called "the oven."

The Hall of the House was made ready for use in 1807.

The South side of the Capitol was finished in 1811. Its interior was more substantial and beautiful in finish than that of the North or Senate side which had been first and more hurriedly gotten ready for the occupation of Congress.

The Hall of Representatives was semi-circular, with a vaulted ceiling. Twenty fluted Corinthian pillars of sandstone supported the entablature, The American Eagle, carved in sandstone by Signor GIUSEPPE FRANZONI ornamented the frieze over the Speaker's chair. On the opposite frieze was a group by the same artist, representing Agriculture, Commerce, Art, and Science.

Behind the Speaker's chair sat the figure of Liberty, with an Eagle by her side; her right hand presenting the Constitution, and in the left a Liberty Cap. Her feet rested on a reversed crown and symbols of monarchy and oppression.

Mr. Mills thus describes the Hall:

"The plan of the first House of Representatives was of an elliptical form, or rather a square bounded by two semicircles, and surmounted by a dome; corresponding with the idea of Mr. Jefferson. This dome had numerous panel lights, and was

supported by a freestone colonnade. It was a very handsome as well as a good speaking room."

This was the Hall that the incendiary torch of British vandalism destroyed, August 24, 1814.

The Hall that succeeded — now known by the name of the "Old Hall," and a description of which has already been given — was used by the Representatives of Congress thirty-two years.

After the Extensions of the Capitol were made ready for the occupation of Congress in 1857-'58, the desks, and carpets, and pictures, taken away, the deserted Old Hall had a forlorn and neglected look. During this time it lay for the most part idle, and became a painful eyesore to visitors.

But there were grand uses too made of the old room in the interval. At one time, during the early period of the Rebellion, soldiers that rushed to the defence of the Seat of Government, were quartered in it, as indeed they were, throughout the Capitol. Again, in 1862, before sufficient hospital accommodations were completed in Washington, sick and wounded soldiers lying in beds, suffering and dying, were placed here, and this room, with others, became a Hospital.

Congress, in 1864, made an appropriation for converting the Old Hall into a room for statuary; and a beautiful white and black marble mosaic pavement has taken the place of the old wooden floor. The room has loomed out, again, grandly; and will doubtless become one of the most interesting places in the Capitol. Each of the States is to have the privilege of sending two statues of her chosen sons to represent her in this silent assembly gathered in the hallowed Old Hall of Representatives.

THE FEDERAL CITY.

THE NEW HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Is situated in the centre of the South extension of the Capitol.

A corridor leads to it from the old Hall of the House, the entrance into which is through the pictured Bronze Door designed by Rogers.

In general appearance it resembles the Senate chamber, but is larger, and somewhat more garish in its ornamentation. It has a gallery on its four sides capable of having crowded into it 1,500 persons. Sections of it are appropriated to the diplomatic corps, and to the reporters of the press. The Hall has corridors running round it, outside of which are committee rooms and offices. The main entrance from the outside is through the vestibule of the grand South Eastern Portico.

The Hall is 139 feet long, 93 feet wide, and 36 feet high. The ceiling is of iron, gilded and bronzed, and is supported by trusses from the roof. Its centre is panelled with glass—in each panel is magnificently painted the arms of a State or Territory; affording a sky-light calculated to make one's heart throb. The castings for the ceilings of both Houses of Congress was the work of Janes, Beebe & Co.

“An arrangement of moveable metallic plates, on the principle of Venetian blinds, is placed under the sunny sides of the respective roofs of the Senate and House, so that the same amount of light may be admitted all the time.” At night both chambers are lighted by hundreds of jets of gas fixed above their sky-lights; the effect of this way of lighting is peculiarly soft and beautiful.

Seats for the members, with desks in front of them, are ranged in successive semicircles facing the Speaker's desk. In front of the Speaker's desk sit the clerks of the House, and in front of them is the desk for the reporters of the government. Every word that is uttered both in the Senate and the House is taken down in short hand and printed in the “Congressional Globe.”

As in the Senate, the space under the galleries is partitioned off, making the area of the floor 113 feet long and 67 feet wide.

Besides the pictures of Washington and Lafayette, there is a fresco on one of the panels on the south side of the Hall, by Signor C. BRUMIDI, "citizen of the U. S." It represents an interview between General Washington and a British officer, who, with the bearer of a flag of truce, has presented himself to the American commander. The scene is historic, and occurred before Yorktown, and immediately preceded the final surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The following extract from Irving's *Life of Washington* will explain the picture, and narrates the great subsequent event.

"The hopes of Lord Cornwallis were now at an end. His works were tumbling in ruins about him, under an incessant cannonade; his garrison was reduced in number by sickness and death, and exhausted by constant watching and severe duty. Unwilling to expose the residue of the brave troops which had stood by him so faithfully, to the dangers and horrors of an assault, which could not fail to be successful, he ordered a parley to be beaten about ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th, [October, 1781], and despatched a flag with a letter to Washington proposing a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and that two officers might be appointed by each side to meet and settle terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester.

"Washington felt unwilling to grant such delay, when reinforcements might be on the way for Cornwallis from New York. In reply, therefore, he requested that, previous to the meeting of commissioners, his lordship's proposals might be sent in writing to the American lines, for which purpose a suspension of hostilities during two hours from the delivery of the letter, would be granted."

The historian continues :

"This was complied with; but as the proposals offered by Cornwallis were not all admissible, Washington drew up a schedule of such terms as he would grant, and transmitted it to his lordship. * * Commissioners met. * * After much discussion, a rough draft was made of the the terms of the capitulation to

be submitted to the British general. These Washington caused to be promptly transcribed, and sent to Lord Cornwallis early on the 19th, with a note expressing his expectation that they would be signed by eleven o'clock, and that the garrison would be ready to march out by two o'clock in the afternoon. Lord Cornwallis was fain to comply, and, accordingly, on the same day, the posts of Yorktown and Gloucester were surrendered."

The pedestal of *verd antique* marble, in which the Speaker's mace is inserted when the House is in session, stands on the east side of the chair.

The mace is at other times kept in the room of the Sergeant-at-Arms. It consists of black lictor's rods bound together with a silver ligature, surmounted with a globe, over which stretches with extended wings the American Eagle.

EASTERN STAIRCASE.

A magnificent staircase of Tennessee and white marble leads from the east corridor to the ladies' gallery of the House. It is ornamented with highly polished Tennessee marble columns.

A large picture of General Scott on horseback, now hangs on the wall that faces the ascent of the stairs. It does not belong to Government, but was placed in the Capitol by the artist with the hope it would be purchased by the country. It was painted by Mr. EDWARD TROYE, and ordered of him by the Virginia Legislature; but, the Rebellion breaking out, the picture was thrown on his hands. The price that was to have been paid for it was \$6,000.

In a niche of the corridor, at the foot of the stairs, stands a statue of THOMAS JEFFERSON by POWERS. It is, as all his work is, beautifully finished; the very texture of the cloth of his garments seems impressed on the delicate marble, and the separate stitches of the worked button-holes of his coat may easily be discerned by the curious eye — the hands, too, are marvels of artistic beauty; yet, to my fancy, it is all toned

down to such a degree that the creation lacks power. There is nothing there of the strong rugged man Jefferson really was. The impression is very different from that his portrait makes in Trumbull's picture of the Declaration of Independence in the Rotunda.

The bronze statue also of the democratic Prince, cast years ago in Paris, and that now stands in front of the White House, must certainly look more like what the man was whose diamond pen wrote the Declaration of Human Rights, than it is possible this block of Carrara marble can—exquisitely cut and finished though it is.

Mr. Hiram Powers received \$10,000 for this statue delivered in New York. It was executed in Italy, and arrived in this country in 1863.

WESTERN STAIRCASE.

Another magnificent staircase ascends from the Western corridor of the House, leading into the gentlemen's gallery.

In the niche, at the foot of the stairs, the bronze bust of an Indian chief, is placed a-top of successive blocks of white marble piled one above the other.

It is the likeness of a brave who died a short time after his return home from a visit to Washington. The five feathers on the top of his head are significant of his valor in battle. His superstitious red brethren believe that his death was a punishment for permitting his likeness to be taken to stay among the pale faces. On the neck of the bust is a medal with an inscription that tells something about him, and the artists who perpetuated his likeness. It reads:

“Bee-she-kee, The Buffalo, a Chippewa warrior from the sources of the Mississippi. After nature by F. Vincenti, A. D. 1854. Copied in bronze by Jos. Lassalle, A. D. 1858.”

This bronze looks like an antique, and is of an uniform rich color. This appearance was imparted to it by some process that is a secret. It is to be regretted the Rogers' Bronze Door has not also been submitted to it, as discolorations are appearing on it.

THE FEDERAL CITY.

LEUTZE'S PICTURE OF "WESTERN EMIGRATION"

Covers the whole extent of the wall above the first landing on the grand Western staircase that leads to the gallery of the House. The light falls on it from a sky-light in the roof.

This picture arrests the attention of every visitor to the Capitol, and a mere description of it necessarily can convey but a feeble idea of its beauties to those who have not enjoyed the pleasure of seeing it.

I will, however, try to describe the picture.

A party of emigrants coming down the mountains are approaching a gorge through which a view is seen — extending as an illimitable sea — of the desired land beyond. Smoke, as if from camp fires, or warm springs, is ascending, and birds wheel aloft in the air; they are Eagles hovering over the unbroken expanse of virgin soil. The mountain tops are bathed in purple light.

Away, far up, where rocks are piled upon rocks, as 'twere that veritable work of giants who made the futile attempt to scale the walls of Heaven, two men have climbed, and carry with them the glorious old Flag. They look tiny in the far-up distance, but you can see there, gleaming, over all, the "Stars and Stripes."

Just in front of the open gorge a fallen tree impedes the further advance of the party. This, under the direction of the leader, who is on horseback, other men are engaged in removing.

A family has climbed a pile of rocks, and are looking out eagerly to see the new home-land. A boy, a type of Young America, with his father's long rifle in his hand, standing erect, looking as indomitable as boy could look, cut out clear and distinct in the picture, is the foremost figure of the group. His sister and mother, sit on rocks or ground behind him, over which a buffalo robe has been spread. The girl's face is full of hope, and smiles play on her face and sparkle in her eyes. The mother looks pale, and patient, and as if she tried to feel hopeful. Her hands are clasped, and a little baby is suckling

THE FEDERAL CITY.

at her breast. That mother's face, is, to me, one of the most beautiful faces I have ever seen in a picture. The father, a strong, stout man, endeavors to cheer her; he is still behind, and points out with face of glowing hope the land where his own good arm shall win for them another home.

A procession of men, and women, and children, representing all types of western emigrants, in various conditions of sickness and health, and of hope and despondency, seem to be moving, so life-like are they painted, before the eyes of the looker on.

Wagons, and oxen, and cows, and horses, with all accompaniments of western emigration, are there, to the very life.

One man has a fiddle, babies are in abundance, as well as frolicsome children of various ages; a round, sleek negro face looks at you out of the picture, showing white teeth; — while, as glimpses of the opening view fall upon the faces of the pioneer men and women, they light, and glow, and seem almost to startle into life.

Above the picture, in golden letters, is inscribed the words:

“WESTWARD THE COURSE OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY.”

Beneath, and detached from the main picture, yet, as it were hanging on to it, is a view of the “Golden Gate,” at the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco Bay.

An elaborate pictorial border surrounds the picture, illustrating the advance of pioneer and civilized, over savage, life. It, of itself, would form a study, to take in all its teachings.

On one side of this border, and contained in it, is a fine portrait of Daniel Boone, and some distance below it are the lines:

“The Spirit grows with its allotted Spaces: —
The Mind is narrowed in a narrow Sphere.”

On the opposite side is a portrait of Captain William Clarke, and the lines:

“No pent up Utica contracts our powers;
But the whole boundless Continent is ours.”

The general effect of this wall picture is different from that of usual frescoes. There is an absence of the fresh, garish look common to them, and from which they derive their name, and also a softer, richer, blending together of colors. The surface of the wall is rough, and intelligent travellers have told me that it made them think of the magnificent tapestries of Hampton Court Palace, once the property of Cardinal Wolsey, and which, with all its treasures of art, he made a present to his sovereign Henry VIII.

The process of affixing it to the wall is termed *Stereochrome*, and is sometimes called "water-glass painting." "The wall is coated with a preparation of clean quartz sand mixed with the least possible quantity of lime; and after the application of this the surface is scraped to remove the outer coating in contact with the atmosphere. It is then washed with a solution of silesia, soda, potash, and water. As the painter applies his colors, he moistens his work by squirting distilled water upon it. When finished it is washed over with the silesia solution. The picture also in its progress is washed with the same solution and the colors thus becoming incorporated in the flinty coating, the picture is rendered hard and durable as stone itself."

Emanuel Leutze, the artist to whom we are indebted for this picture, was born in Günd, Wurtemberg, May 24, 1816. His parents emigrated during his infancy to America and settled in Philadelphia. When a little boy, and attending at the sick bed of his father, his talents for drawing were first displayed. He struggled manfully with adverse circumstances, and at last was enabled to return to Europe and there prosecute his artist labors. He now resides in the United States.* He received from government for this painting twenty thousand dollars.

Mr. Leutze's first great picture, was that of "An Indian gazing at the setting sun." Many of his pictures are illustrative of American history; among them are "Washington crossing the Delaware," "Washington at Princeton," "News from Lexington," "Washington at the Battle of Monongahela," "Landing of the Norsemen in America," etc., etc.

* Mr. Leutze died suddenly in Washington, D. C., July 18, 1868.

The floors of all the corridors of both Extensions are paved with tiles, laid in mosaic, after the choicest patterns of modern and antique designs. These halls are also lighted with numerous chandeliers of magnificent and varied patterns.

THE BROTHERS FRANZONI.

These two sculptor brother-artists, to whose genius the Capitol was greatly indebted for its early adornment, were the sons of the President of the Academy of Fine Arts at Carrara, Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and nephews of Cardinal Franzoni.

The elder, Giuseppe, (Joseph), came to this country about 1809, and was kept constantly in the employ of the government. Most of his work, however, was destroyed when the Capitol was burned. The only specimen of it now in existence, in Washington, is the Eagle over the entrance to the Navy Yard. He died about 1816.

The younger, Carlo, (Charles), came to the United States in 1816, then in his twenty-sixth year, at the invitation of government. It has already been stated, that the beautiful Clock in the Old Hall was his work. He also executed the allegorical group that adorns the wall of the present Law Library — formerly the United States' Supreme Court Room, on the ground floor of the Capitol. The vestibule through which is the main entrance to that room, is ornamented with columns in imitation of clusters of corn-stalks, and the capitals are groups of ears of corn peeping out from their husks. This is another sample of his genius and work. Both Mr. Latrobe and Mr. Bulfinch held his ability in high estimation, as did also his personal friend, John Quincy Adams. He died May 12, 1819. A number of models designed by him, in plaster, were stored away in the cellar of the Capitol at the time of his death, and have since probably been destroyed.

The Clock of the Old Hall has been frequently ignorantly attributed, by writers about Washington, to Iardella, another Italian, a cousin of Franzoni, but who had nothing to do with either its design or execution.

DIAGRAM OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

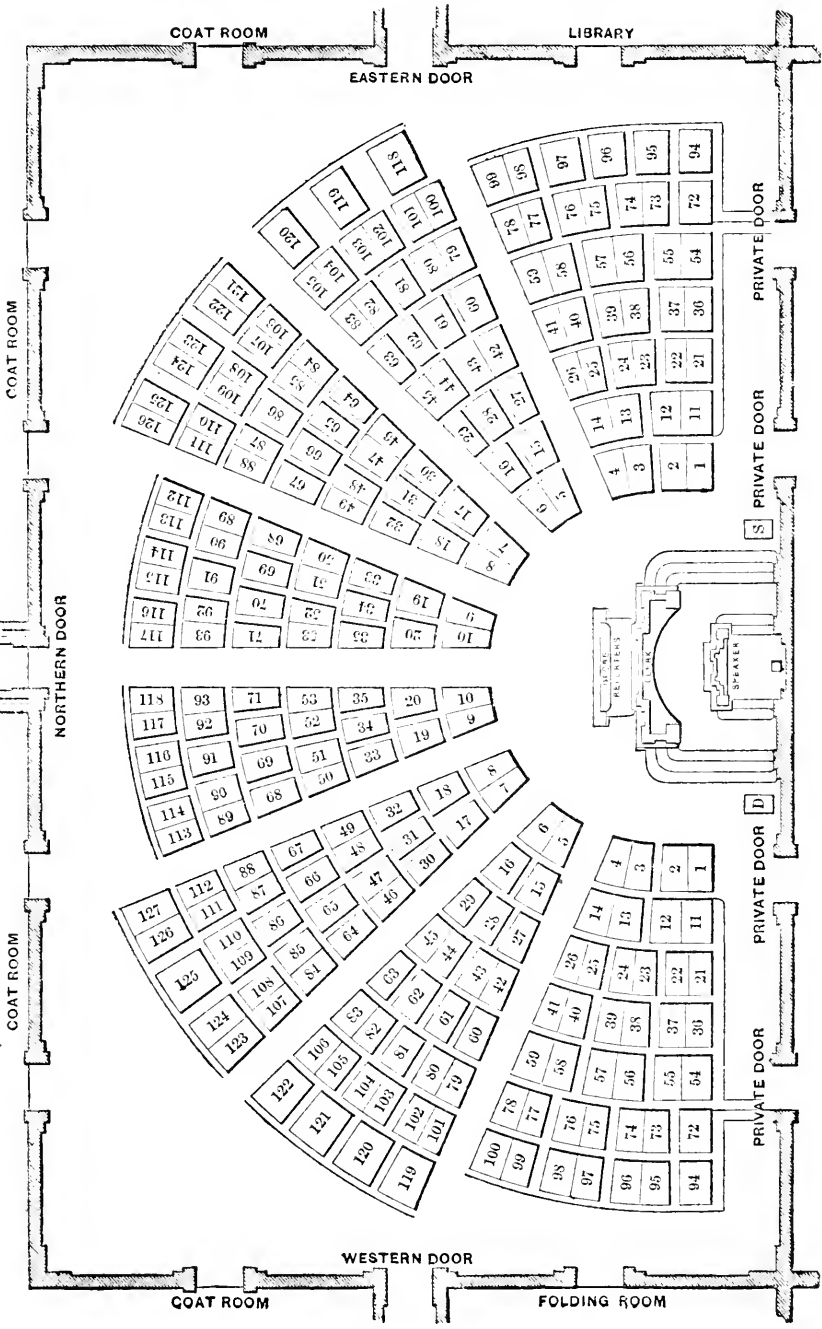
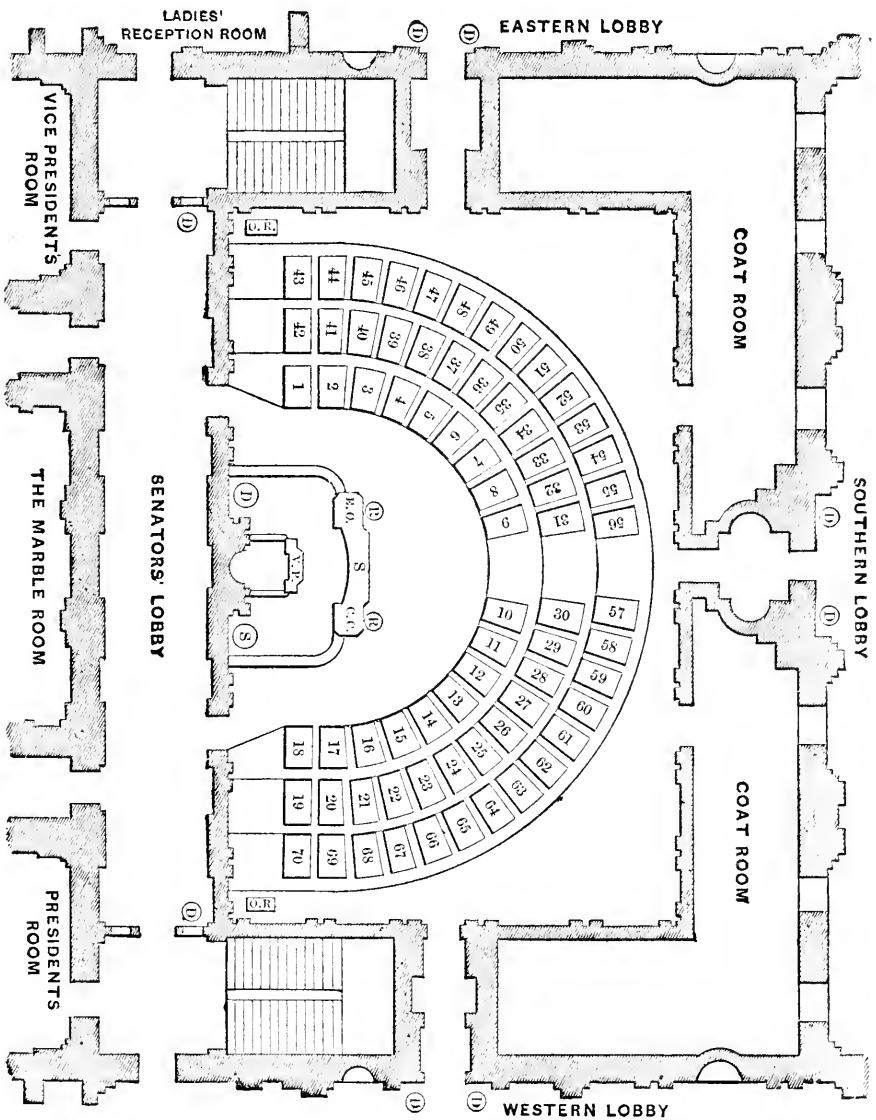




DIAGRAM OF SENATE CHAMBER.



CHAPTER IV.

CROWNING OF THE DOME — THE EXTENSIONS — FIRST AND SECOND SENATE CHAMBERS OF THE ORIGINAL CAPITOL — SUPREME COURT ROOM — DIAGRAM OF THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE CAPITOL — POWEP'S STATUE OF FRANKLIN — PEALE'S PICTURE OF WASHINGTON ON HORSEBACK BEFORE YORKTOWN — STONE'S STATUE OF HANCOCK — WALKER'S PICTURE OF THE STORMING OF CHAPULTEPEC — THE NEW SENATE CHAMBER, ETC.

THE work on the Capitol progressed unceasingly through all the long weary months and years of the war of the Rebellion. The new Dome rose high and higher, until, completed, poised in mid-air, it seemed a white flecked cloud which for beauty angels might have fashioned to canopy our Temple of Liberty.

At 12 o'clock M., Dec. 2, 1863, the top section of the Statue of Freedom, forming the head and shoulders of the figure which crowns the Dome, was raised to its place. The fact was heralded by a flag displayed from the Statue, when a national salute of 35 guns was fired from a field-battery on Capitol Hill. This was followed by answering salutes from all the forts defending Washington.

Provision had been made by an Act of Congress of Sept. 30, 1850, for the much needed Extension of the Capitol "according to such plan as might be approved by the President." The plan of Thomas U. Walter, architect, was accepted by President Fillmore, June 10, 1851, and Mr. Walter was appointed to carry it out. In doing this, however, it was subjected to considerable modification in details decided upon in the course of erection.

The corner-stone of the Extension was laid by Mr. Fillmore, July 4, 1851. Daniel Webster was the chosen orator of the day.

The Extension consists of two buildings north and south of the original Capitol, connected with it by corridors 44 feet in length. Each Extension is 142 feet, 8 inches front on the east, by 238 feet, 10 inches in depth exclusive of Porticoes and steps.

The cost of Capitol Extension to April 1866, was \$7,058,621.

An account of changes made at various times in the interior arrangement of the original Capitol will probably be interesting.

The first arrangement of the interior of the North wing of the Capitol differed materially from that which was adopted when the building was restored after its conflagration by the British.

In it the Senate Chamber was on the west side of the building. It was but of temporary construction; the columns and entablature were of wood stuccoed, and the capitals were only plaster. This was the room in which the Senate met, over whose deliberations Aaron Burr, as Vice President, presided.

A now venerable officer of the United States' Senate, who has been in its service over forty years, told me, that, when a boy, he recollects being in this Senate Chamber. "It was," he said, "a very rich-looking and imposing room. Each Senator's large easy chair was lined with red morocco."

When the building was re-constructed, the Senate chamber was located on the east side of the North wing. It was also a very elegant apartment. The drapery was rich and of red, and hung profusely about the room. This same chamber, retaining many of its old features, is now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Previous to its occupancy of this room the Supreme Court sat in the chamber immediately underneath it. That room is now the Law Library — a division of the Library of Congress.

THE SUPREME COURT ROOM.

This room was first used by the Supreme Court in 1860.

It is semicircular in form; and is 75 feet long and 45 feet high. Its greatest width, which is in the centre, is 45 feet. A range of Ionic columns of Potomac marble forms a colonnade on the eastern side of the room, while pilasters of the same marble are placed in the circular wall that sweeps around opposite them. What was once thought "a magnificent chandelier," still hangs suspended from one of the sky-lights.

The beautiful dome-ceiling is enriched with square caissons of stucco, and terminates in a number of sky-lights. The same gilded Eagle that used to look down from over the Vice President's chair, when this room was the Senate Chamber, now spreads his wings above the seat of the Chief Justice of the Court.

Opposite, over the door of entrance, is a handsome white marble clock. The floor is covered with a soft rich carpet, of brown, whose velvet surface deadens the footfalls of passers in and out. Red velvet cushioned benches back the semi-circular wall, and hangings of that color surround the separating bar of the court.

The justices, dressed in black gowns, occupy seats on a raised platform, ranged in front of the colonnade that faces the main entrance door. The old eastern gallery of the Senate, still traverses the space above their seats.

Attached to the semi-circular wall, opposite, are brackets that support the busts of four former chief justices, John Jay, John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, and John Marshall. That of Chief Justice Taney, will, without doubt, be placed by the side of these. A bust of him for some time before his death stood in one of the Senate corridors. Along the wall where these busts are ranged a semi-circular gallery supported by bronzed iron columns, used to project, which was the "circular gallery of the Senate."

It was the intention of Mr. Latrobe, (the architect), to have had one of the galleries of this room when it was the Senate Chamber, says Mr. Watterston, "supported by emblematic figures of the old thirteen States, decorated with their peculiar insignia, and the models were actually prepared by one of the Italian artists whom he had engaged to come to this country; but a neglect or refusal on the part of Congress to make the necessary appropriations defeated his designs, and the plaster models were afterwards thrown aside and destroyed." These models, very probably, were those made by Signor Carlo Franzoni.

The corridor of the Capitol running north that passes the main entrance of the Court Room, widens into a handsome vestibule in front of the door. This vestibule is adorned with columns of Potomac marble, and is lighted from the sky by a small cupola, from the centre of which hangs a chandelier.

Before this vestibule is reached, starting from the Rotunda, you pass a small circular apartment lighted also with a cupola, and surrounded by pillars, all in imitation of a Grecian temple. Into the caps of the pillars, however, instead of the usual Corinthian ornament, have been worked the stock, leaf, and flower of the tobacco plant.

The ceremony observed, each morning, at the opening of the Supreme Court is interesting, and, to some, seems highly imposing; to others, who look on things from an irreverent point of view, the effect is different.

It is something like this :

At 11 o'clock A. M., the small door north of the columned passage behind the judges' seats opens, and the Marshal enters, (generally, however, he is only his deputy) and travels, mostly backwards, nearly the length of the room, with his eyes fixed on the door. He then says, in a tremulous voice, as if he feared to see a procession of grandmother ghosts :

"The Honorable, the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States."

The waiting people in the Court Room all rise, even the lawyers, and if any have their hats on off they instantly come. All eyes turn to the door. Then the old men, the Justices, come in, one after another, in their loose flowing black silk gowns and range themselves before their appointed chairs ready to sink into them. There is a moment's hush until all the venerables get fixed.

Meanwhile, a sort of rapid eye-telegraphing takes place between the Honorable Chief Justice and an official who stands before a desk at the further end of the room, that means, "it is time for him to go on." [This functionary should be the "crier"

but the duty is usually performed by a "bailiff."] The officer then breaks out in a feeble, auctioneer-sort of voice, which, before he finishes, becomes perfectly unintelligible :

"O yea! O yea! O yea! All persons having business before the Honorable, the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, are admonished to draw near and give their attendance, for the Court is now in session. God save the United States, and this Honorable Court."

All the Judges look relieved, and take their seats. The man who sang out the "O yea!" seems heartily glad his part of the programme is over; and — the Court is opened.

The Supreme Court consists [1865] of a Chief Justice, and nine Associate Justices. They are nominated by the President of the United States, and "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate," are appointed by him. Their tenure of office is, "good behaviour." Each Justice is also Judge of one of the Circuit Courts.

The Court meets annually on the first Monday in December at Washington. The principal officers, besides the Justices, are the Attorney General, a Clerk, Deputy Clerk, Reporter, Marshal, and Crier.

The first Chief Justice was John Jay of New York, appointed Sept. 26, 1789; and the first court term was held in New York City, Feb. 1790. Jay was afterwards appointed Envoy Extraordinary to England, in 1794, and resigned the office of chief justice.

John Rutledge, of South Carolina, was appointed in 1795, by President Washington, during a recess of the Senate. He presided on the bench at August term 1795. His nomination was rejected by the Senate, Dec. 15, 1795. William Cushing, of Massachusetts, one of the Associate Justices, was then appointed and his appointment confirmed by the Senate, Jan. 27, 1796; but he declined the office.

Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, succeeded. He was appointed and confirmed March 4, 1796; and continued to preside,

until and at the August term of 1799. He resigned, having accepted the position of Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to France, and proceeded on his mission Nov. 3, 1799. John Jay, of New York, was again appointed and confirmed, Dec. 19, 1800; but he declined the re-appointment.

John Marshall, of Virginia, nominated by President John Adams, was confirmed Jan. 27, and appointed Jan. 31, 1801. At the time of his appointment he was Secretary of State, and continued to act in that capacity, conjointly discharging the duties of his new office, until the termination of Mr. Adams' administration, March 3, 1801. Chief Justice Marshall died in 1835.

Roger B. Taney, of Maryland, succeeded. He was nominated by President Andrew Jackson, confirmed and appointed March 15, 1836. He died in Washington City, Oct. 12, 1864.

Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury, nominated by President Abraham Lincoln, was confirmed by an unanimous vote of the Senate, Dec. 6; and took the oath of office as Chief Justice, Dec. 15, 1864.

The following items, relative to the first meetings of the Supreme Court in Washington, copied from a file of "The National Intelligencer," that belongs to the Library of Congress, will probably interest the reader.

In the issue of Monday, Jan. 26, 1801, under the head of the Congressional Proceedings, is the following:

"House of Representatives, Friday, Jan. 23, 1801.

"Mr. Rutledge from the joint committee to whom had been referred the letter from the Commissioners of the City of Washington, requesting the use of an apartment in the Capitol, for the accommodation of the Supreme Court of the United States, reported, that it would be expedient to assign a room on the lower floor of that building."

Again, under date of Monday, Feb. 2, 1801, it is stated:

"The Supreme Court of the United States this day met in the Capitol, and adjourned without transacting any business."

In the next issue, Feb. 4, 1801, (for this paper was then a tri-weekly,) is printed this announcement:

“The justices of the Supreme Court have made a Court — the following justices being present, viz. Messrs. Marshall, Cushing, Chase, and Washington.”

During the first session of Congress, in Washington, in 1800, '01, both houses, as well as the Supreme Court, met in the “old North wing” of the original Capitol. The newspaper file to which I have alluded, in several of its early numbers, complains of the unfitting accommodations afforded the reporters of the press in the House of Representatives. The grievance seems to them direful as if it were a national calamity.

At this period the ground at the foot of Capitol Hill was a quagmire, and the resort of numerous aquatic birds. Where the city now is, were woods, morass, or farmland. The Hon. John Cotton Smith, of Connecticut, writing home from Washington at this time, says, of its appearance on his arrival, and of after improvements: “Only one wing of the Capitol has been erected, which, with the President’s House, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them.*** Pennsylvania Avenue, leading, as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential mansion, was then nearly the whole distance a deep morass, covered with alder bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended avenue during the ensuing Winter.”

On the west side of the vestibule of the Supreme Court Room are the offices of the Clerk of the Court. There are also other rooms appropriated to the use of the justices, one of which is the robe room.

Passing these, the corridor conducts into the North Extension of the Capitol, and terminates opposite the south entrance door of the Senate Chamber.

Here the south corridor of the Senate running east and west crosses it, leading to the east and west corridors, from which the grand marble staircases ascend to the galleries of the Senate.

On the opposite page is a Diagram of the Plan of the Main Floor of the Capitol. With a little study I think its principal divisions can be understood.

This "main floor" is the second story of the building, and is reached from the East Front by steps that ascend to the three Porticoes of that front. There are also staircases inside the building, by which it can be gained, on every side, from the ground floor.

The "Rotunda" is the circular chamber in the centre, from which doors open north, south, east, and west.

The North Door leads towards a small circular chamber after which the corridor forms the vestibule to the "United States Supreme Court Room" lying on its east side. This room is of semicircular shape, and was formerly the Senate Chamber.

Opposite, on the west side of the corridor, are rooms appropriated to the officers of the court.

Continuing along the corridor you enter the North Extension of the Capitol, in the centre of which is the "Senate Chamber," surrounded by corridors, upon which also open various rooms. The Senate Chamber can be easily indicated by the several rows of semi-circular seats marked in the Diagram.

The floors of the new corridors are laid with tiles of varied patterns. These are imitated in the Diagram.

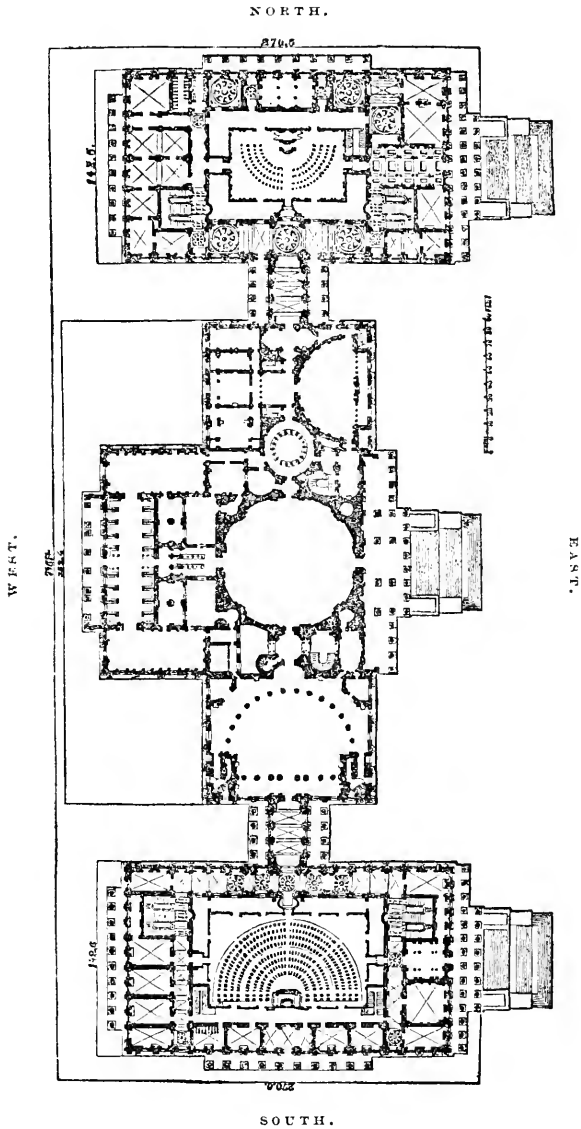
Returning to the Rotunda, and leaving it by the South Door you at once find yourself in the vestibule of the Old Hall of Representatives. Then succeeds the "Old Hall" itself. Its columns are marked by dots in the Diagram.

Passing this Hall you enter the South Corridor, through the Rogers' Bronze Door, and reach the New Hall of Representatives situated in the centre of the South Extension of the Capitol. The floor of this immense room is marked by various semicircular ranges of seats. Corridors, as in the case of the Senate Chamber, surround the New Hall of the House, and where practicable rooms border the opposite sides,

The East Door of the Rotunda opens on the Central Portico.

The West Door leads towards the Library of Congress, that occupies the Western side of the central portion of the Capitol.

PLAN OF THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE CAPITOL.





POWERS' STATUE OF FRANKLIN

Stands in a niche at the foot of the staircase that leads to the Ladies' Gallery from the East corridor of the Senate.

It is wonderfully grand. One becomes silent, and awed, gazing thus, as it were, face to face, on the great American philosopher and statesman. It seems no longer stone; but a something of thought, of power. At times I have been startled while looking at it, by the thought — I am almost afraid to mention — that old Mr. Worldly Wiseman had walked out of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and was standing there instead.

Franklin stands beside a tree's trunk rived by lightning — his elbow resting on it, and his hand gently pressed against his chin — his countenance indicating absorbed thought. The other hand is half inserted in the side pocket of his coat — such a coat as was the fashion in those days. The naturalness and ease of position is admirable.

The hands are wonderful; in them each vein is delicately visible, and they look so life-like that you are surprised they remain motionless, and do not change their position. All the details of the workmanship are carried out into the minutest particulars, and constantly excite astonished admiration.

The cost of this statue was \$10,000, the same as that of its companion one, of Jefferson, in the House Extension.

With this work of Powers before us, the regret will arise, that his great "Statue of America" now in the artist's studio at Florence, is not sheltered underneath the roof of the Capitol. Greenough speaking of it, has said, "It is not only a beautiful work of art; but 'breathes, smacks, and smells' of Republicanism and Union. If placed conspicuously in one of the new wings of the Capitol, it would be a monument of Union."

A large painting by REMBRANDT PEALE, of "General Washington, on horseback, giving orders to commence the entrenchments before Yorktown, accompanied by La Fayette, Hamilton, Knox, Lincoln, and Rochambeau," hangs immediately opposite the statue of Franklin. It is not the property of government, although the Senate at one time voted \$4,500 for its purchase.

THE PICTURE OF THE "STORMING OF
CHAPULTEPEC."

At the foot of the white marble staircase that ascends from the Western corridor of the Senate, stands a statue of JOHN HANCOCK, President of the Continental Congress, by STONE.*

Fronting this statue, but above the landing of the staircase, hangs the fine painting on canvas of the "Storming of Chapultepec," by WALKER. It was originally intended for the Room of the Committee on Military Affairs, and is of the same shape, though somewhat larger, as the frescoed panels in that elaborately adorned room. The top of the picture describes an extended semicircle. The cost of this painting was \$6,000.

The Castle of Chapultepec, a Mexican fortress, was stormed by the Americans, under General Scott, Sept. 13, 1847. Our army, proceeding from victory to victory, had defeated the enemy in five pitched battles, and now lay under the walls of the city of Mexico. This ancient city lies in the centre of a plain in which are numerous volcanic heights. On one of these, about two miles south west of the city, rose this strong castle, with a frontage of 900 feet heavily armed. It was held by General Bravo, with a picked force; and, at the time of the assault, was crowded with officers of rank, and students of the military academy of which it was also the seat. The position was difficult of attack and easy to be defended.

The plan of operations was this: General Pillow was to assault it on its west side; General Quitman on the opposite, or south east side; while the reserve, under General Worth, was to gain the north side. At the base of the hill Pillow was disabled, and General Cadwallader took command.

Amid discharges of grape and musketry, that thinned their ranks, the Americans ascended the height. Without hesitation they charged and carried a strong redoubt that lay in their way, and drove the Mexicans from their guns into the castle. "In a moment the castle ditch was crossed, and the stormers planted their ladders on the wall. Many brave fellows were hurled down, but at length a lodgment was effected."

* The cost of this statue was \$6,000 00.

Mr. Walker has selected as the scene of his picture, "The consultation held between General Quitman and several of the officers of his advanced division at the time the batteries at the foot of the hill, on his side of the attack, were taken, and the way opened towards the city, along the line of the aqueduct, in the direction of the Garita (gate) de Belen."

He was himself a participant in the Mexican campaign, and the geography of the picture has been pronounced by judges photographically correct. The drawing of the various groups is admirable; and, after looking for awhile attentively at the figures — of which there are scores — they seem to stand out from the surface, as objects appear to project when looked at through a stereoscope.

Looming up against the sky is the famous Castle; a war-cloud of smoke sweeping off from over it in the direction of the city. Two fleecy puffs of smoke, that mark the bursting of shells, are hovering there, too; while, dotted over the rugged precipice of volcanic formation, on which the fortress stands, are United States' riflemen, who are profiting by the shelter of every available rock and ravine to pick off the Mexican gunners that are defending the wall beneath them. A thick line of smoke, ascending the whole length of the height, marks also the path up which our brave soldiers fight their way.

General Quitman is on horseback, some distance to the left of the centre of the picture. He wears the fatigue uniform of his rank, with a broad visored cap. General Shields, without his coat, his left arm in a sling, it having been wounded earlier in the battle, is engaged in conversation with him. Near them are Lieutenants Wilcox, and Towers, of the Engineers, Danly, of Arkansas, and other aides-de-camp, nearly all of them wounded.

On the left side of the canvas is a section of Drum's Battery, surrounded by artillerymen, with Captain Drum, and Lieutenants Benjamin and Hunt. Behind this group, crossing the field, towards a breach in the wall, are seen the flags of New York, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina, borne by their regiments of

volunteers, as they advance under Colonels Baxter, Geary, and Gladding. A galling fire is poured into them from the top of the wall which was used by the Mexicans as a parapet — they standing on a platform erected on the inner side. These troops are advancing to the support of the regulars under Captain Casey, who himself was wounded and disabled before reaching the works. Occupying the foreground, and as a relief to the general character of this section of the picture, is a dog, admirably painted, smelling at a hat, lying ownerless, on the ground.

Another supporting column is seen more towards the centre of the canvas, with Adjutant Lovell dashing off to its front. These gallant soldiers are making their way to a point further on, along the road, where a white flag is flying over a "Five gun Battery," that our troops have just captured. The Mexican leader, Xicontenca, in whose veins ran the blood of the royal Montezuma race, and who was said to be their last male descendant, was killed while aiding to work one of the guns and refusing to surrender.

In the middle distance is seen General Persifer Smith, with the rifle regiment, in front of the breast works. He is pointing towards the Mexicans, who are in full retreat along the line of the aqueduct, but are still keeping up a ~~the~~ tering fire.

In the foreground, conspicuous in the centre of the picture, another part of the supporting column is attempting to cross one of the ditches by which the road is flanked on either side. They are exposed to a fire, under which some of them are falling, but their officers are urging them forward. One bold fellow seems to be giving a wild hurrah, while the attention of another is attracted by the distress of a poor Mexican woman who is supporting the gasping form of her dying husband. She has a little child on her back, secured by a scarf, such as are worn almost universally by the lower order of Mexican women. On the edge of the ditch lies a Mexican soldier, wounded in the leg. Near these soldiers stands an immense aloe, some of whose gigantic leaves are hacked with sabre strokes.

Another group of Mexicans are seen further to the right.

They are making signs of submission and surrender to a fierce-looking fellow who is hastening past, loading his musket as he goes. On the extreme right, is an officer on horseback who appears arrested by movements on the road.

In compiling the above description of this picture I have been greatly indebted to an article that appeared in the "Washington Daily Chronicle," of Dec. 24, 1862, which was about the time it was first hung up in the Capitol.

Mr. James Walker, the artist, is a native of the state of New York. When a young man he pushed his fortune south, and resided one season in New Orleans. At the time the Mexican war broke out, he was practising his art of painting in the city of Mexico.

The Mexican general, Lombardini, who had been severely wounded in the battle of Buena Vista, was, after that action made Governor of the city of Mexico.

After the victorious American army had obtained possession of Puebla, an Edict of Expulsion was issued by this Mexican general, banishing all American residents in the capital three hundred miles back into the interior, and allowing them twenty-four hours to settle up their affairs and be gone. Mr. Walker remained with friends and six weeks in the city, until he was able, on a dark night, to make his escape, in company with a naval officer, who was a prisoner of war. The two, at length, with difficulty, and through unfrequented roads, reached the American lines. The officer was placed "on staff," and Mr. Walker served as "interpreter to the army," accompanying it in its victorious march back to the city he had so lately left.

He was present at the battles in the valley, and remained at his post during our occupation of the capital. In 1848 he returned home after an absence of eight years.

Subsequently, he visited Central America, but, since 1850, he has been engaged in the study and practice of his profession in New York City. Several of his pictures are in the possession of the War Department; and it was in 1857, he received the order to paint the picture of "The Battle of Chapultepec."

THE SENATE CHAMBER

Occupies the centre of the North extension of the Capitol.

Its entrance from the inside of the building is at the end of a long corridor extending north from the Rotunda.

The main entrance from the outside is by the North Eastern Portico, through a spacious marble vestibule adorned with fluted columns, whose capitals are beautifully foliated with tobacco and acanthus leaves. The walls of this vestibule on either side have sunken niches for statuary.

The Senate chamber is surrounded by corridors, which separate it from committee and other rooms ranged around the outer walls of this portion of the building.

The chamber is a parallelogram 112 feet long and 82 feet wide. Its height is 36 feet. A cushioned gallery capable of seating a thousand persons surrounds it, which is reached by two magnificent marble staircases, ascending from the east and west corridors. A section of the gallery in front of the Vice President's desk is reserved for the diplomatic corps and for the families of the President, Vice President, and cabinet ministers. Above but behind the Vice President's seat a portion of the gallery is appropriated to the reporters of the press.

The secretary of the Senate and his assistants occupy a long desk in front of the chair, and below this desk sit the special reporters of the debates. The seats of the Senators are ranged in three semicircular rows fronting the Vice President's chair, each seat having a desk in front of it.

The ceiling is of cast iron, with deep panels, and painted glass sky-lights, ornamented in the richest style. The designs of the paintings are typical of national progress. The iron work is bronzed and gilded, and the walls are richly painted in harmonizing colors.

The space under the galleries is partitioned off into small apartments, such as cloak and wash rooms, and the area of the floor is diminished to that extent. It is about 83 feet long, and 51 feet wide.

The United States' Senate first occupied the new chamber Jan. 4, 1859; and, it was in this room the Senators from the rebel States acted the melancholy farce, they denominated "a sublime spectacle," of withdrawing from the Council Chamber of their country

The Senate is composed of two Senators from each State. They are chosen for six years, but in such a way, that, as near as may be, "one third of the whole number is chosen every second year." The Constitution provides for this arrangement in these words: Art. I. Sec. 3. "Immediately after they [the Senators] shall be assembled in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided as equally as may be into three classes. The seats of the Senators of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year, of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one third may be chosen every second year."

This division into classes, was first arranged by "drawing lots;" and, when a new State is admitted, the early Senators "draw lots," deciding their length of term.

The appearance, and demeanor, of the Senate is a marked contrast to that of the other branch of Congress. The House might, perhaps, be designated as the "Young America" of our representation; the Senate, as an Assembly of the "Elders of the People" met in grave council. Some of the Senators are middle-aged men, and one or two—as for instance the Ex-Governor of Rhode Island—are still young-looking; but the majority are grey or bald headed, with seamed and wrinkled faces. To look at them, the conclusion is irresistible, that the road to political eminence is not a flowery path of dalliant delights, but a hard stony road to travel.

These old men sit at their desks, ranged in three semi-circles, in their magnificent chamber, with papers and writing materials laid before them, while the light as it falls upon their heads through the painted sky-light in the roof, deceptively

makes them look ten years younger than they really are. In the deep galleries, resting in shadow, crowds of men and women are sitting too, eager to catch every word that drops from them; while telegrams, with lightning sped, and presses, with million voices, repeat their words all over the land, until their sound reaches foreign shores, and sweeps round the world.

In the usual routine of Senate session you might imagine this venerable body was a company of clerks thrown together in this large chamber — for each one appears much absorbed in his own particular business, writing for the most part assiduously, and seeming to pay little attention to what is said by the person addressing the Vice President. But, let a single word be spoken, relative to a particular State, and, at that moment, the greyheads that represent it, assume attitudes of the profoundest attention. These old men are alert as eagles, and are always vigilantly on guard when they deem an interest of their State is in jeopardy.

A more picturesque and interesting sight is seldom presented than that of an animated night session of the Senate. A light burning brightly upon the roof, and throwing around it a hazy glow that to a stranger would seem to indicate “the roof of that Extension of the Capitol was on fire!” is significant to the city “the Senate is in session.” This light is that of hundreds of burning jets of gas (also roofed in by glass) above the sky-light of the Senate Chamber, that light it up at night time. Above them, on its high flag-staff, floats the “Old Flag.” On a dark moonless night, these lights, from below shining up upon it streaming against the sky, make the “Stripes and Stars” seem a bright Rainbow up among the clouds.

Within, through the illumined glass, painted with the Signs and Emblems of Progress, the bright light from the gas-jets flames down into the Chamber, filling it with a soft rich glow, so peculiar in its beauty that there is nothing to compare it with and it must be seen to know how very beautiful it is.

And, then, the debate. It is all like looking on at, and hearing a marvelous play. The actors, men who have toiled the best part of their lives to gain this arena wherein to play their parts.

T H E

FEDERAL CITY;

OR,

INS AND ABOUTS OF WASHINGTON.

BY S. D. WYETH,

AUTHOR OF "HARRY BRIGHT, THE DRUMMER BOY;" "BIBLE STORIES IN
BIBLE WORDS," ETC., ETC.

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